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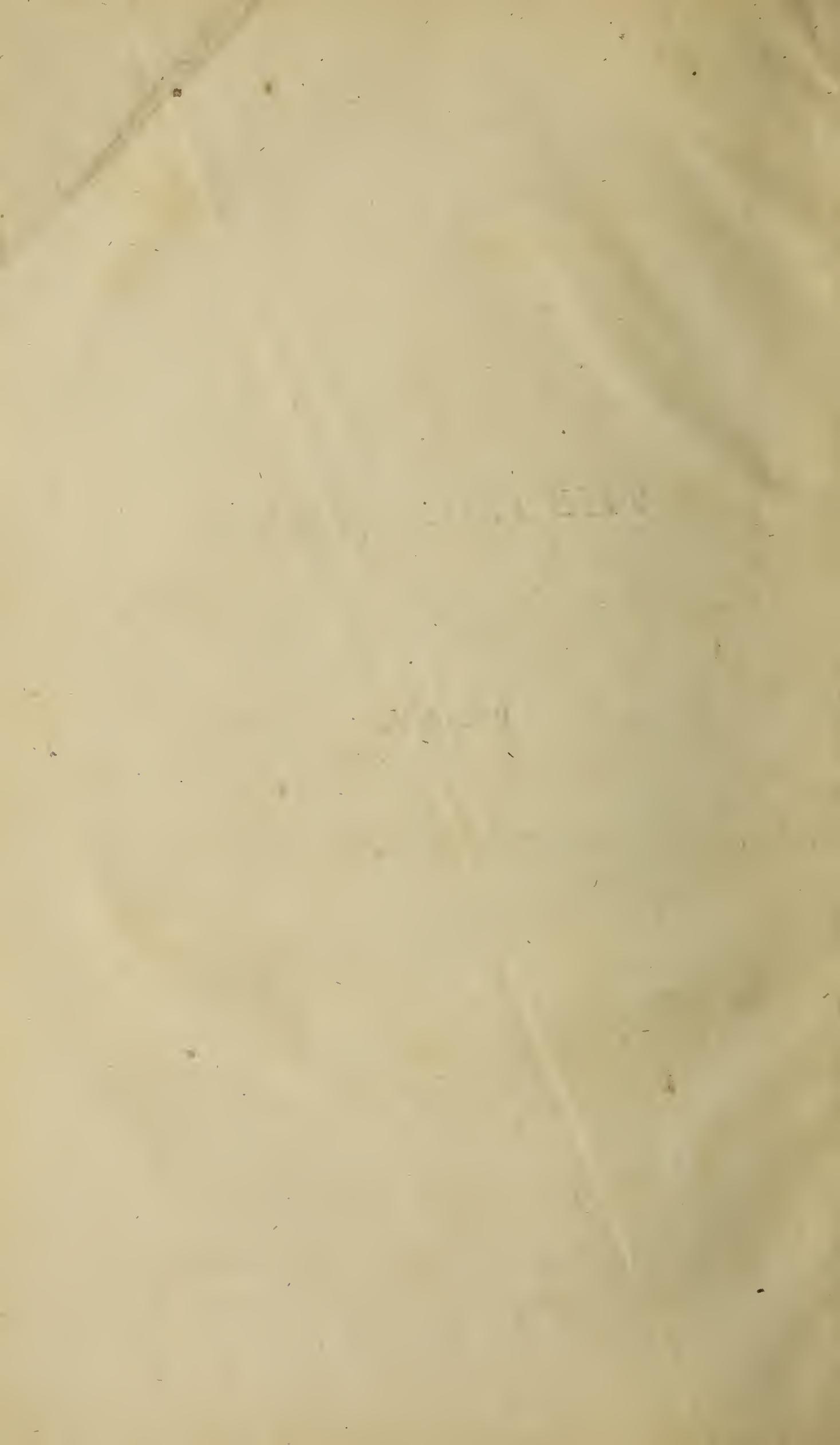


*THE IRON CHEST,*

A.

PLAY.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]



THE  
IRON CHEST:  
A PLAY;  
IN THREE ACTS.

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WRITTEN BY  
GEORGE COLMAN,  
THE YOUNGER.

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WITH A PREFACE.

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First represented at the THEATRE-ROYAL, in DRURY-LANE,  
On Saturday, 12th March, 1796.

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“ THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS”  
“ *By Mr. KEMBLE.*” &c.  
DRURY-LANE PLAY-BILL.

“ *I bad as lieve the Town-Crier had spoke my Lines.*”  
SHAKSPEARE.

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LONDON:  
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## P R E F A C E:

HAVING been, for some time, a labourer in the Drama, and finding it necessary to continue my labours, I cannot help endeavouring to guard the past from misrepresentation, lest my supineness may injure the future. Conscious that a prejudice has been created against the Play which I now submit to the Reader, and conscious how far I am innocent of raising it, it were stupid to sit down in silence, and thus tacitly acknowledge myself guilty of dulness ;—dumbly confess I have been deficient in the knowledge of my trade, damn myself for a bungling workman, and fix a disrepute upon every article which may, hereafter, come from my hands.

Thanks to you, Ladies and Gentlemen ! you have been kind customers to me ; and I am proud to say that you have stamped a fashion upon my goods. Base, indeed, and ungrateful were the attempt, after your favours, so long received and continued, to impose upon you a clumsy commodity, and boast it to be ware of the best quality that I ever put up to sale ! No—on the word of an honest man, I have bestowed no small pains upon this *Iron Chest*, which I offer you. Inspect it ; examine it ; you see the maker's name is upon it. I do not say it is perfect ;  
I do

I do not pretend to tell you it is of the highest polish ; there is no occasion for that :—many of my brethren have presented you with mere *linings for chests*, and you have been content :—but, I trust, you will find that my *Iron Chest* will hold together, that it is tolerably sound, and fit for all the purposes for which it was intended.

Then how came it to fall to pieces, after four days wear ?—I will explain that :—but alas ! alas ! my heart doth yearn, when I think on the task which circumstance has thrust upon me.

Now, by the Spirit of Peace, I Swear ! where I not still doomed to explore the rugged windings of the Drama, I would wrap myself in mute philosophy, and repose calmly under the dark shade of my grievance, rather than endure the pain, and trouble, of this explanation. I cannot, however, cry “Let the world slide :” I must persue my journey ; and be active to clear away the obstacles that impede my progress.

I am too callous, now, to be annoyed by those innumerable gnats and insects, who daily dart their impotent stings on the literary traveller ; and too knowing to dismount, and waste my time in whipping *grafshoppers* :—but here is a scowling, sullen, black Bull, right athwart my road ;—a monster of magnitude, of the Bœotian breed, perplexing me in my wanderings through the entangled labyrinth of Drury ! he stands sulkily before me, with sides, seemingly, impenetrable to any lash, and tougher than the Dun-Cow of Warwick !—His front out-fronting the brazen bull of Perillus !—He has bellowed, Gentlemen ! Yea, he hath bellowed a dismal sound ! A hollow, unvaried tone, heaved from his very midriff, and striking the listener with torpor !—Would I could pass the

animal

animal quietly, for my own sake!—and, for his, by Jupiter! I repeat it, I would not willingly harm the Bull.—I delight not in baiting him.—I would jog as gently by him as by the ass that grazes on the common: but he has obstinately blocked up my way—he has already tossed and gored me, severely—I must make an effort, or he batters me down, and leaves me to bite the dust.

The weapon I must use is not of that brilliant, and keen quality, which, in a skilfull hand, neatly cuts up the subject, to the delight, and admiration, of the by-standers: It is a homely cudgel of Narrative; a blunt batoon of Matter of fact; affording little display of art in the wielder; and so heavy in its nature, that it can merely claim the merit of being appropriate to the opponent at whom it is level'd.

Pray, stand clear!—for I shall handle this club vilely: and if any one come in my way, he may chance to get a rap, which I did not intend to bestow upon him. Good venal and venomous gentlemen, who dabble in ink for pay or from pique, and who have dub'd yourselves *Criticks*, keep your distance now! Run home to your garrets!—Fools! ye are but *Ephemera* at best; and will die soon enough, in the paltry course of your insignificant natures, without thrusting your ears (if there be any left you) into the heat of this perilous action.—Avaunt!—well, well, stay if ye are bent upon it, and be pert and busy;—your folly, to me, is of no moment.\*

I hasten now to my Narrative.

\* Ye who impartially, and conscientiously, sit in diurnal judgment upon modern dramatists, apply not this to yourselves. It aims only at the malevolent, the mean, and the ignorant, who are the disgrace of your order.

I agree

I agreed to write the following Play, at the instance of the chief Proprietor of Drury Lane Theatre; who, unconditionally, agreed to pay me a certain sum for my labour:—and this certain sum, being much larger than any, I believe, hitherto offered on similar occasions, created no small jealousy among the Parnassian *Sans Culottes*; several of whom have, of late, been vapidly industrious to level, to the muddy surface of their own Castalian ditch, so *Aristocratico-Dramatick* a bargainer. The Play, as fast as written, (piecemeal) was put into rehearsal: But let it here be noted, gentle reader! that a rehearsal, in Drury Lane, (I mean as far as relates to this Iron Chest) is *lucus à non lucendo*. They yclep it a rehearsal, I conjecture, because *they do NOT rehearse*. I call the loved shade of Garrick to witness; nay, I call the less loved presence of the *then* acting Manager to avow,—that there never was one fair rehearsal of the Play.—Never one rehearsal, wherein one, or two, or more, of the Performers, very essential to the piece, were not absent: and *all* the rehearsals which I attended, so slovenly, and irregular, that the ragged master of a theatrical Barn, might have blush'd for the want of discipline in the pompous Director of his Majesty's Servants, at the vast and astonishing newly-erected Theatre Royal, in Drury Lane.

It is well known, to those conversant with the business of the stage, that no perfect judgment can be formed of the length of a Play, apparent to the spectator; nor of the general *effect* intended to be produced, until the private repetitions, among the actors, have reduced the business into something like *lucidus ordo*:—then comes the time for the judicious author to take up his pruning-knife, or handle his hatchet. Then he goes lustily to work, my masters!

upon

## P R E F A C E.

v

upon his curtailments, or additions ; his transpositions, his loppings, his parings, trimmings, dockings, &c. &c. &c. As in the writing, so in the rehearsal ;

“ *Ordinis hæc virtus erit et venus, aut ego fallor ;*”  
 “ *Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici ;*”  
 “ *Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat ;*”  
 “ *Hoc amet, hoc spernat, promissi carminis Auctor.*”

But, woe is me ! while I was patiently waiting the expected crisis, a circumstance occur'd which compel'd me to watch a crisis of a less agreeable nature. A fever attack'd me, as I sat beneath the damp dome of Drury, and drove me, *malgré moi*, to bed ; where I lay during a week, till three hours before the Play was exhibited. In addition to the unavoidable injury arising from the author's absence, Mr. KEMBLE, the acting-manager, and principal performer in the piece, was, and had been for a few days, previous to my own illness, confined to his chamber, by indisposition. I lay little stress, indeed, upon his temporary incapacity to perform his managerial duty ; his mode of discharging it, hitherto, was productive of little benefit to me ;—Still it was *some* drawback—for were a mere Log thrown amidst a Thespian community, and nominated it's dull and ponderous Ruler still the block, while in it's place, would carry some sway with it :—but his non-attendance as an actor, so much engaged in the Play, was particularly detrimental.

Nay, even the Composer of the musick—and here let me breathe a sigh, to the memory of departed worth and genius, as I write the name of STORACE—even he, could not preside in his department. He was preparing an early flight to that abode of harmony, where choirs of Angels swell the note of welcome to an honest, and congenial spirit.

Here

Here then was a direct stop to the business? No such thing. The Troops proceeded without leaders: In the dark, *Messieurs!* --- “*Sans* eyes, *Sans* every thing.” The Prompter, it is true, a kind of non-commissioned officer, headed the Corps, and a curicus march was made of it!

But, lo! two days, or three, (I forget which) previous to the public representation, up rose King KEMBLE! like Somnus from his ebor bed, to distribute his dozing directions among his subjects.

“*Tardâ gravitate jacentes*”  
 “*Vix oculos tollens;*”  
 “*Summaque percutiens nutâni pectora mento,*”  
 “*Excusit, tandem, sibi se; cubitoque levatus,*” &c.

He came, saw, and pronounced the Piece to be ripe for exhibition. It was ordered to be perform'd immediately. News was brought to me, in my sicknes, of the mighty *Fiat*; and, although I was told, officially, that due care had been taken to render it worthy of public attention, I submitted with doubt and trembling to the decree. My doubts, too, of this boasted care were not a little increased by a note, which I receiv'd from the Prompter, written by the Manager's order, *three hours only*, before the first representation of the Play:---wherein, at this late period, my consent was, abruptly, requested to a transposition of two of the most material scenes in the second act: and the reason given for this curious proposal was, that the present stage of Drury---where the Architect and Machinist, with the judgment and ingenuity of a Politician and a Wit to assist them, had combined to outdo all former theatrical outdoings---was so bunglingly constructed, that there was not time for the carpenters to place the lumbering frame-work, on which an Abbey was painted, behind the

repre-

representation of a Library, without leaving a chasm of ten minutes in the action of the Play; and that in the middle of an act.---Such was the fabrication of that New Stage, whose "*extent and powers*" have been so vauntingly advertised, under the classick management of Mr. KEMBLE, in the edifying exibition of Pantomimes, Processions, Pageants, Triumphal Cars, Milk white Horses, and Elephants!

As I did not chuse to alter the construction of my Play, without deliberation, merely to skreen the ill-construction of the House, I would not listen to the modest, and *well timed* demand, of turning the progres of my fable *topsy turvy*.

Very ill, and very weak, from the effects of the fever, which had not, yet, left me, I made an effort, and went to the Theatre, to witness the performance. I found Mr. KEMBLE, in his dressing room, a short time before the curtain was drawn up, taking *Opium Pills*: and, nobody who is acquainted with that gentleman will doubt me when I assert, that, they are a medicine which he has long been in the habit of swallowing. He appear'd to me very unwell; and seemed, indeed, to have imbibed,

*"Poppy and Mandragora,"*  
*"And all the drowsy syrups of the world."*

The Play began; and all went smoothly, till a trifling disapprobation was shewn to the character personated by Mr. DODD;---the scene in which he was engaged being much *too long*: A proof of the neglect of those whose business it was to have informed me (in my unavoidable absence

sence from the Theatre) that it appeared in the *last rehearsals*, to want curtailment. I considered this, however, to be of no great moment; for Mr. KEMBLE was to appear immediately in a subsequent scene, and much was expected from his execution of a part, written expressly for his powers.

And, here, let me describe the requisites for the character which I have attempted to draw, that the world may judge whether I have taken a wrong measure of the personage whom I proposed to fit: premising that I have worked for him before, with success, and, therefore, it may be presumed that I am somewhat acquainted with the dimensions of his qualifications.—I required, then, a man

“ *Of a tall stature, and of sable hue,*”  
“ *Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew.*”

A man of whom it might be said,

“ *There's something in his soul*”  
“ *O'er which his melancholy sits, and broods.*”

Look at the actor;—and will any body do him the injustice to declare that he is deficient in these qualifications. It would puzzle any author, in any time or country, from *Æschylus* down, even, to the Translator of *Lodoiska*—and really, gentleman, I can go no lower—to find a figure and face better suited to the purpose. I have endeavour'd more-over, to pourtray *Sir Edward Mortimer* as a man stately in his deportment, reserved in his temper, mysterious, cold, and impenetrable, in his manner: and the candid observers, I trust, will allow that Mr. KEMBLE is thoroughly adequate to such a personation.

To complete my requisitions, I demanded a performer who could enter into the spirit of a character proceeding up-

on

on romantick, half-witted principles, abstracted in his opinions, sophisticated in his reasonings, and who is thrown into situations where his mind and conduct stand, tiptoe, on the extremest verge of probability. Here, surely, I have not mistaken my man ; for if I am able to form any opinion of him, as an Actor,---and my opinion, I know, is far from singular,---his chief excellence almost approaches that style which the learned denominate *Caricature*. Possibility on the stretch, passion over-leaping it's customary bound, movements of the soul, sullen, or violent, very rarely seen in the common course of things, yet still *may* be seen---in these is his element. As our language is said to have sunk under the vast conception of MILTON, so does the modesty of Nature suffer a depression beneath the unwieldy imaginings of Mr. KEMBLE. He seldom deigns to accompany the Goddess in her ordinary walks ; when she decently paces the regular path, with a sober step, and a straight person : but he kindly assists her when she is, doubtless, in need of assistance---when she appears out of her way, crazy and crooked.

The arrogant fault of being more refined than Refinement, more proper than Propriety, more sensible than Sense, which, nine times in ten, will disgust the spectator, becomes frequently, an advantage to him, in characters of the above description.

In short, Mr. KEMBLE is a paragon-representative of the *Lusus Naturæ* : and were Mr. KEMBLE sew'd up in a skin, to act a hog in a pantomime, he would act a hog with six legs better than a hog with four.

If any one ask why I chose to sketch a *Lusus Naturæ*, when it might better become an author to be chaste in his

delineation, I can only reply that, I did so to obtain the assistance of Mr. KEMBLE in his best manner; and that now, I do most heartily repent me: for never, sure, did man place the main strength of his building upon so rotten a prop!

Well, the great actor was discover'd, as *Sir Edward Mortimer*, in his library. Gloom and desolation sat upon his brow; and he was habited, from the wig to the shoe-string, with the most studied exactness. Had one of King CHARLES the First's portraits walk'd from it's frame, upon the boards of the Theatre, it could not have afforded a truer representation of ancient and melancholy dignity.

The picture could not have look'd better---but, in justice to the picture, it must also be added, that, the picture could scarcely have acted worse.

The spectators, who gaped with expectation at his first appearance, yawn'd with lassitude before his first *exit*. It seem'd, however, that illness had totally incapacitated him from performing the business he had undertaken. For his mere illness he was entitled to pity; for his conduct under it, he, undoubtedly, deserved censure.

How can Mr. KEMBLE, as a Manager, and an Actor, justify his thrusting himself forward in a new play, the material interest of which rested upon his own powers, at a moment when he must be conscious that he had no powers at all?—Mr. KEMBLE owes a duty to the publick, to his employer, and to an author writing for his employer's house. How does he treat the claimants upon his service, in this instance? Exactly, thus---he insults the understanding of the first, and injures the interests of the two last, by calling in a crowd to an entertainment which he knows he must mar.

I re-

I requested him, at the end of the first act, to order an apology to be made for his indisposition, lest the uninformed or malicious, might attribute the ponderosity of the performer to the heaviness of the author. I was anxious to disavow all right and title to those pigs of lead which did not belong to me, and of which Mr. KEMBLE was the just proprietor. But, no---he peremptorily declared he would not suffer an apology to be made! It should have been made (if at all) before the Play began.---Then why was it not made?---He did not, *then*, imagine that illness would have disabled him.---So, then, a man quits his chamber, after an attack which has, evidently, weaken'd him extremely, and he has no bodily feel, no internal monitor, to whisper to him that he is feeble, and that he has not recover'd sufficient strength to make a violent exertion! This mode of reasoning, adopted by Mr. KEMBLE, is much in the spirit of that clown's, who did not know whether he could play on a fiddle 'till he tried. Be it noted, also, that Mr KEMBLE was swallowing his opium pills, *before* the play began, *because he was ill*:---but opium cautes strange oblivious effects; and these pills must have occasion'd so sudden a lapse in Mr. KEMBLE's memory, that he forgot when he took them, why he took them, or that he had taken them at all. The dose must have been very powerful. Still for the reasons already stated, I press'd for an apology; still Mr. KEMBLE continued obstinate in opposing it. His indisposition, he said, was evident; he had cough'd very much upon the stage, and an apology would make him "*look like a fool.*"

Good-nature in excess becomes weakness; but I never yet found, in the confined course of my reading, that good-nature and folly would bear the same definition: Mr. KEM-

BLE, it should seem (and he produced, at least, managerial authority for it) consider'd the terms to be synonymous. Freely, however, forgiving him for his unkindness, in refusing to gratify a poor devil of an author,---who, very anxious for his reputation, was very moderate in his request---I do, in all christian charity, most sincerely wish that Mr. KEMBLE may never find greater cause to *look like a fool* than an apology for his indisposition.

At length, by dint of perseverance, I gain'd my point. A proprietor of the Theatre was call'd in upon the occasion, whose mediation in my favour carried more weight with the Acting Manager than a hapless Dramatist's entreaty; and the apology was, in due form, delivered to the audience.

One third of the Play, only, was yet perform'd; and I was, now, to make up my mind, like an unfortunate traveller, to persue my painful journey, through two stages more, upon a broken-down Poster, on whose back lay all the baggage for my expedition. Miserably, and most heavily in hand, did the Poster proceed!---He groan'd, he lag'd, he cough'd, he winced, he wheezed!---Never was seen so sorry a jade! The audience grew completely sour'd, and, once completely sour'd, every thing, naturally, went wrong. They recur'd to their disapprobation of poor DODD---and observe what this produced. I must relate it.

Mr. KEMBLE had just plodded through a scene, regardless of those loud and manifest tokens that the Criticks delighted not in the "*drowsy hums*" wlth which he "*rang* *night's yawning peal*," when DODD appear'd to him on the

the Stage; at whose entrance the clamour was renew'd. Then, and *not till then*, did the Acting Manager, who had been deaf as any post to the supplications of the author for an apology---then did, he appear suddenly seized with a fit of good nature. He voluntarily came forward “*to look like a fool*,” and beg the indulgence of the town. He fear'd he was the unhappy cause of their disapprobation; he entreated their patience; and hoped he should, shortly, gain strength, to enable them to judge, on a future night, what he handsomely term'd the *merits* of the Play. Here was friendship! Here was adroitness! While the Publick were testifying their disgust at the Piece, through the medium of poor DODD, Mr. KEMBLE, with unexampled generosity, took the whole blame upon his own shoulders, and heroically saved the author, by so timely an interposition. I was charm'd with this master-stroke, and, at the impulse of the moment, I thank'd him. But, alas! how narrow is the soul of man! how distrustful in it's movements, how scanty in its acknowledgments, how perplexing to itself in it's combinations! Had I, afterwards, look'd on the thing simply, and nakedly, by itself, why the thing is a good-natured thing: but I must be putting other circumstances by the side of it, with a plague to me! I must be puzzling myself to see if all fits; if all is of a piece. And what is the result?---Miserable that I am! I have lost the pleasure of evincing a gratitude, which I thought I owed, because I no longer feel myself a debtor. Had I abandoned my mind to that placid negligence, that luxurious confidence, which the inconsiderate enjoy, it had never occur'd to me that Mr. KEMBLE, foreseeing, perhaps, that an aggrieved author might not be totally silent—step'd forward with this speech to the publick, as a kind of *salvo*, (should a statement be made) for his rigidity in the first instance.

It

It had never occur'd to me that Mr. KEMBLE was sufficiently hiss'd, yawn'd at, laugh'd at, and cough'd down, to have made his apology *before* Mr. DODD appeared: It had never occur'd to me that his making his apology at a previous moment would have answer'd the same purpose to *me*, and not to *him*: It had never occur'd, in short, that there is such a thing as ostentatious humility, and a politick act of kindness; and that I should have waited the sequel of a man's conduct, before I thank'd him for one instance of seeming good-will, close upon the heels of stubborn ill-nature, and in the midst of existing, and palpable injury. The sequel will shew that I was pre-mature in my acknowledgment—but before I come to the sequel, a word or two (I will be brief) to close my account of this, the first night's, eventful history. The Piece was concluded, and *given out*, for a second performance with much opposition.

Friends, who never heard the Play read, shook their heads; Friends, who *had* heard it read, scarcely knew it again: Several, I doubt not, of the impartial, who chose to be active, actively condemn'd; and enemies, of course, rejoiced in an opportunity of joining them.

No opportunity could be fairer. The Play was, at least, a full hour too long; and had *Job* himself sat to hear it he must have lost his patience. But, if, gentle reader, thou possessest *Job's* quality, and hast followed me thus far, in my Narrative, it will appear to thee (for I doubt not thy retention and combination) that I was unable to curtail it effectually, at the proper time—the last rehearsals. I was, then, laid flat, my dear friend, as you remember I have told you, by a fever. The acting manager *did* attend

attend the last rehearsals, and suffered the piece to be produced, *uncut*, to “drag it’s slow length along” surcharged with all his own incapacity, and all his opium.

How, then, do I stand indebted, according to the articles of this night’s statement? I owe to Mr. KEMBLE,

<i>For his illness,</i>	COMPASSION,
<i>For his conduct under it,</i>	CENSURE,
<i>For his refusing to make an apology,</i>	A SMILE!
<i>For his making an apology,</i>	A SNEER,
<i>For his mismanagement,</i>	A GROAN,
<i>For his acting,</i>	A HISS.

This account is somewhat like the Tavern bill, pick’d from Falstaff’s pocket, when he is snorting behind the arras. There is but one halfpennyworth of compassion to this intolerable deal of blame.

Now for the sequel.—I have shewn, I think, that Mr. KEMBLE, in the first instance, undertook a duty which he *could* not perform: I have now to affirm, with all the difficulty of proving a negative full in my face, that he afterwards, made a mockery of discharging a duty which he *would* not perform.

After a week’s interval, to give him time to recruit his strength; and the Author time to curtail, and alter, the Play; (for the impression which the Mis-Manager and Actor, had contrived to stamp rendered alteration necessary) it was a second time represented.

I must

I must, here, let the uninformed reader into a secret;—but I must go to Newmarket to make him understand me.—No, Epsom will do as well; and that is nearer home.—It often happens, at a Race, that a known Horse, from whom good sport is expected, disappoints the crowd by *walking over the course*.—He does not miss an inch of the ground; but affords not one jot of diversion, unless some pleasure is received in contemplating his figure. Now, an actor can do the very same thing. He can *walk over his part*: He can miss no more of his words than the Horse does of his way: he can be as dull, and as tedious, and as good-looking as the Horse in his progress:—The only difference between the two animals is,—that the Horse brings in him who bets upon him a gainer; but the luckless wight who has a large stake depending upon the actor is, decidedly, certain to lose. There is a trick, too, that the Jockies practice, which is call'd, I think, *playing booty*. This consists in appearing to use their utmost endeavour to reach the winning-post first, when they are already determined to come in the last. The consequence is, that all, except the knowing ones, attribute no fault to the Jockey, but damn the Horse for a sluggard.—An actor can *play booty* if he chuses:—he can pretend to whip and spur, and do his best, when the Connoisseur knows, all the while, he is shirking:—but Sluggard is the unmerited appellation given by the majority to the innocent Author.

Mr. KEMBLE chiefly chose to be Horse, and *walk'd over the ground*. Every now and then (but scarcely enough to save appearances) he gave a slight touch of the Jockey, and *played booty*.

Whether

Whether the language which is put into the mouth of *Sir Edward Mortimer* be above mediocrity, or below contempt, is not to the present purpose: but the words he is made to utter certainly convey a meaning; and the circumstances of the scenes afford an opportunity to the Performer of playing off his mimick emotions, his transitions of passion, his starts, and all the trickeries of his trade. The devil a trick did Mr. KEMBLE play but a very scurvy one! His emotions and passions were so rare, and so feeble, that they season'd his general insipidity, like a single grain of wretched pepper thrown into the largest dose of water-gruel that ever was administer'd to an invalid. For the most part, he toil'd on, line after line, in a dull current of undiversified sound, which stole upon the ear far more drowsily than the distant murmurings of Lethe; with no attempt to break the lulling stream, or check its sleep-inviting course.

Frogs in a marsh, flies in a bottle, wind in a crevice, a preacher in a field, the drone of a bagpipe, all, all yielded to the inimitable, and soporific monotony of Mr. KEMBLE!

The very best Dramatick writing, where passion is express'd, if deliver'd languidly by the Actor, will fail in it's intended effect: and I will be bold enough to say that were the *Curse in King Lear* new to an audience, and they heard it utter'd, for the first time, in a croak, fainter than a crow's in a consumption, it would pass unnoticed, or appear vapid to the million.

If I raise a critical clatter about my ears, by this assertion, which some may twist into a profanation of Shakespeare

speare, I leave it to Horace, who can fight battles better than I, to defend me.

“ *Si dicentis erunt fortunis absenta dicta,* ”

“ *Romani tollent pedites equitesque cachinnum.* ”

That Mr. KEMBLE did not misconceive the Part is certain ; for he told me, some time before the Play was acted, that he fear'd the exertions requisite, in *Sir Edward Mortimer*, would strain his lungs more than *OEtavian*, in the *Mountaineers*.

That he can strain his lungs, to good purpose, in *OEtavian*, is well known ; and, after this, his own intimation, how will he escape the charge of wilfull and direct delinquency, when, with such a conception of the Part, and with health recover'd, he came forward in the true spirit of *Bottom*, and “ *aggravated his voice so that he roared you as gently as any sucking dove?* ”\*

He insulted the Town, and injured his Employer, and the Author, sufficiently in the first instance : in the second he added to the insult and injury an hundred-fold : and as often as he mangled the Character (three or four times, I am uncertain which, after the first night's performance) he heap'd aggravation upon aggravation.

The most miserable mummer, that ever disgraced the walls of a Theatre, could not have been a stronger drawback than Mr. KEMBLE. He was not only dull in himself but the cause of dulness in others. Like the baleful *Upas* of

\* Mr. KEMBLE informed me, previous to the second representation of the Play, that he felt himself capable of exertion.

Java, his pestiferous influence infected all around him.—When two Actors come forward, to keep up the Shuttlecock of scenick-fiction, if one plays slovenly, the other cannot maintain his game. Poor BANNISTER Jun. would he speak out (but I have never press'd him, and never shall press him to say a word upon the subject) could bear ample testimony to the truth of this remark. He suffer'd like a man under the cruelty of *Mezentius*. All alive himself, he was tied to a corpse, which he was fated to drag about with him, scene after scene, which weigh'd him down, and depress'd his vigour. Miss FARREN, too, who might animate any thing but a soul of lead, and a face of iron, experienced the same fate.

I could proceed, and argue, and reason, and discuss, and tire the reader, as I have tired myself (it is now, my good friend, one o'clock in the morning) to prove, further, that Mr. KEMBLE was unsound in my cause, and that he ruin'd my Play:—But I will desist here. I think I have *prosed* enough to manifest that my arguments are not unfounded.

They who are experienced in *Dramaticks* will, I trust, see that I have made a fair *extenuation* of myself—they who are impartial will, I hope, be convinced that I have set down *nought in malice*.

The only question that may arise to shake, materially, the credit of all I have said, is—“ How is it probable that Mr. KEMBLE should injure you thus, without provocation? Is it in nature? Is it in man? ” I can merely answer that I am unconscious of having given him cause for provocation;—that if I have given him cause, he has taken a bad mode of revenge; that Mr. KEMBLE’s nature has frequent-

ly puzzled me in my observation upon it ; and that I think him a very *extraordinary man*.

But let him take this with him, should this crudely written preface ever fall in his way. I have committed it to paper *currente calamo*. I mean no allusion, no epithet, to apply to him as a private individual. As a private individual I give him not that notice which it might, here, be impertinent to bestow :—but I have an undoubted right to discuss his merits, or demerits, in his publick capacities of Manager and Actor : and my cause of complaint gives me a good reason as well as a right. His want of conduct, his neglect, his injustice, his oppression, his finesse, his person, his face, are in this point of view all open to my animadversion.

“ *He is my goods, my chattels ;* ”

“ *My Horse, my Ox, my Ass, my any thing.* ”

And I would animadvert still, further, did I not think I had already said sufficient to gain the object of guarding my own reputation. That object has solely sway'd me in dwelling so long upon a “ plain tale ” encumber'd with so fatiguing a Hero as JOHN KEMBLE.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T

### TO THE READER.

I Am indebted for the ground-work of this Play to a Novel entitled, “*Things as they are, or the Adventures of Caleb Williams; written by William Godwin.*” Much of Mr. Godwin’s story I have omitted; much, which I have adopted, I have compress’d; much I have added; and much I have taken the liberty to alter.

All this I did that I might fit it, in the best of my judgment, to the stage.

I have cautiously avoided all tendency to that which, vulgarly, (and wrongly, in many instances,) is termed Politicks; with which, many have told me, *Caleb Williams* teems.

The stage has, now, no busness with Politicks: and, should a Dramatick Author endeavour to dabble in them, it is the Lord Chamberlain’s office to check his attempts, before they meet the eye of the Publick. I perused Mr. Godwin’s book, as a tale replete with interesting incident, ingenious in it’s arrangement, masterly in it’s delineation of character, and forcible in its language. I considered it as right of Common; and, by a title which custom has given to Dramatists, I enclofed it within my theatrical paling. However I may have till’d the land, I trust he discovers no intentional injury to him, in my proceeding.

To all the Performers (excepting Mr. KEMBLE) I offer my hearty thanks for their exertions; which would have served me more, had not an actor, “*dark as Erebus*” cast a gloom

gloom upon them, which none of their efforts, however brilliant, could entirely disperse:

But this does not diminish my obligations to them:—so much, indeed, I owe to them, that, when the Play was last perform'd, it was rising, spite of *Erebus*, in favour with the Town. It was, then, advertised, day after day, at the bottom of the Play bills, for repetition, till the promissory advertisement became laughable; and, at length, the advertisement and the Play were dropt together,

If, after the foregoing Preface, I should at a future period, bring the Play forward in the Hay-market Theatre, I am fully aware of the numbers who from party, and pique, may now oppose it. I am aware, too, of the weight which a first impression leaves upon the minds of the most candid:—Still, so strong is my confidence in the genuine decision of a London audience, who have a fair opportunity of exercising their judgment, and feelings, (which they have not had, yet, in respect to this play) that I believe I shall venture an appeal.

The Piece is, now, printed as it was acted on the *first night*; that they who peruse it may decide whether, even in that shape, (with all the misfortunes, before enumerated, with which it was doom'd to struggle) it should be, for ever, consign'd to moulder on the shelf.

The Songs, Duets, and Chorusses, are intended merely as vehicles for musical effect. Some criticks have pompously call'd them *Lyrick Poetry*—that by raising them to dignity they may more effectually degrade them: as men lift a stone very high, before they let it fall, when they would completely dash it to pieces.

I, now, leave the gentle reader to the perusal of the Play—and, lest my Father's memory may be injured by mistakes; and, in the confusion of after-times, the *Translator of Terence*, and the

the Author of *The Jealous Wife*, be supposed guilty of the *Iron Chest*; I shall, were I to reach the Patriarchal longevity of Methusaleh, continue (in all my Dramatick publications) to subscribe myself

GEORGE COLMAN, *the Younger.*

*Piccadilly,*  
*July, 20th, 1796.*

Dra-

## Dramatis Personae.

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Sir Edward Mortimer, .....	<i>Mr. Kemble !!!</i>
Fitzharding, .....	<i>Mr. Wroughton.</i>
Wilford, .....	<i>Mr. Bannister, jun.</i>
Adam Winterton, .....	<i>Mr. Dodd.</i>
Rawbold, .....	<i>Mr. Barrymore.</i>
Samson, .....	<i>Mr. Suett.</i>
Boy, .....	<i>Master Welsh.</i>
Cook, .....	<i>Mr. Hollingsworth.</i>
Peter, .....	<i>Mr. Banks.</i>
Walter, .....	<i>Mr. Maddoks.</i>
Simon, .....	<i>Mr. Webb.</i>
Gregory, .....	<i>Mr. Trueman.</i>
Armstrong, .....	<i>Mr. Kelly.</i>
Orson, .....	<i>Mr. R. Palmer.</i>
1st Robber, .....	<i>Mr. Dignum.</i>
2d Robber, .....	<i>Mr. Sedgwick.</i>
3d Robber, .....	<i>Mr. Bannister.</i>
Robber's Boy, .....	<i>Master Webb.</i>
Helen, .....	<i>Miss Farren.</i>
Blanch, .....	<i>Mrs. Gibbs.</i>
Dame Rawbold, .....	<i>Miss Tidswell.</i>
Barbara, .....	<i>Signora Storace.</i>
Judith, .....	<i>Miss De Camp.</i>

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SCENE, *in the New Forest, in Hampshire, and  
on its Borders.*

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# THE IRON CHEST;

## A P L A Y,

IN THREE ACTS.

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### ACT I.—SCENE I.

*The inside of RAWBOLD'S COTTAGE.* Several children, squalid and beggarly, discovered in different parts of the room: some asleep. DAME RAWBOLD seated, leaning over the embers of the fire. BARBARA seated near her. SAMSON standing in the front of the stage. A narrow stair-case in the back scene. A taper burning. The whole scene exhibits poverty and wretchedness.

GLEE.

SAMSON.

FIVE times, by the taper's light,  
The hour-glass I have turn'd to night.

First Boy.—Where's father?

Samson.—He's gone out to roam:

If he have luck,

He'll bring a buck,

Upon his lusty shoulders, home.

*The different voices.*

Home ! home !

He comes not home !

Hark ! from the woodland vale below,  
The distant clock sounds, dull, and slow !

Bome ! bome ! bome !

*Sam.*—Five o'clock, and father not yet returned from New Forest ! An he come not shortly, the Sun will rise, and roast the venison on his shoulders.—*Sister Barbara!*—Well, your rich men have no bowels for us lowly ! they little think, while they are gorging on the fat haunch of a goodly buck, what fatigues we poor honest souls undergo in stealing it.—Why, sister Barbara !

*Bar.*—I am here brother Samson, (*getting up*).

*Sam.*—Here ! marry, out upon you for an idle baggage ! why, you crawl like a snail.

*Bar.*—I prithee, now, do not chide me, Samson.

*Sam.*—'Tis my humour. I am father's head man in his poaching. The rubs I take from him, who is above me, I hand down to you, who are below me. 'Tis the way of office—where every miserable devil domineers it over the next more miserable devil that's under him. You may scold sister Margery, an you will—she's your younger by a twelvemonth.

*Bar.*—Truly brother, I would not make any one unhappy, for the world. I am content to do what I can to please ; and to mind the house.

*Sam.*

*Sam.*—Truly, a weighty matter! Thou art e'en ready to hang thyself, for want of something to while away time. What hast thou much more to do than to trim the faggots, nurse thy mother, boil the pot, patch our jackets, kill the poultry, cure the hogs, feed the pigs, and comb the children?

*Bar.*—Many might think that no small charge, Samson.

*Sam.*—A mere nothing.—While father and I (bate us but the mother and children) have the credit of purloining every single thing that you have the care of. We are up early, and down late, in the exercise of our industry.

*Bar.*—I wish father and you would give up the calling.

*Sam.*—No—there is one keen argument to prevent us.

*Bar.*—What's that, brother?

*Sam.*—Hunger. Wouldst have us be rōgues, and let our family starve? Give up poaching and deer-stealing! Oons! dost think we have no conscience? Yonder sits mother, poor soul—old, helpless, and crazy.

*Bar.*—Alas! brother, 'tis heart-aching to look upon her. This very time three years she got her maim. It was a piteous tempest.

*Sam.*—Aye—'twas rough weather.

*Bar.*—I never pass the old oak that was shivered that night, in the storm, but I am ready to

weep. It remembers me of the time when all our poor family went to ruin.

*Sam.*—Pish—no matter: The cottage was blown down—the barn fired—father undone—Well, landlords are flinty hearted—no help! what then? We live, don't we? (*fullerly*).

*Bar.*—Troth, brother, very sadly. Father has grown desperate; all is fallen to decay. We live by pilfering on the Forest—and our poor mother distracted, and unable to look to the house. The rafter, which fell in the storm, struck so heavy upon her brain, I fear me, 'twill never again be settled.

*Moth.*—Children! Barbara! where's my eldest daughter? She is my darling.

*Bar.*—I am here, mother.

*Sam.*—Peace, fool! you know she's doating.

*Moth.*—Look to the cattle, Barbara! We must to market to-morrow. My husband's a rich man. We thrive! we thrive! Ha, ha, ha!—oh!

*Bar.*—Oh brother! I cannot bear to see her thus—though, alas! we have long been used to it. The little ones too—scarce cloath'd—hungry—almost starving!—Indeed, we are a very wretched family.

*Sam.*—Hark! Methought I heard a tread.—Hist! be wary. We must not open in haste, for fear of surprises.

(A knock at the Cottage door.)

## DUET.

Samson.—Who knocks at this dead hour?

Rawbold (without.) A friend.

Samson.—How should we know,

A friend from foe?

A signal you must give.

Rawbold (without.) Attend.

(Rawbold gives three knocks, which Samson counts, singing at intervals.)

Samson.—One, two, three!

'Tis he.

Give me the word we fixt to night,

'Tis Roebuck (in a whisper to Barbara)

Rawbold (without.) Roebuck.

Samson. That is right,

Enter now by candle-light.

Rawbold.—Open now by candle light.

Samson opens the door, and Rawbold enters.

Raw.—Bar the door. So, softly.

Sam.—What success, father?

Raw.—Good: my limbs ache for't.

Moth.—O brave husband! Welcome from the court. Thou shalt be made a knight; and I a lady. Ha! ha!

Raw.—Rest, rest, poor soul!—How you stand!

(to Samson). The chair, you gander.

Sam.—(to Barbara) Why, how you stand! the chair, you gander!

(They bring Rawbold a chair: he sits.

Raw.

Raw.—Here—take my gun—'tis unscrewed. The keepers are abroad. I had scarce time to get it in my pocket.

(He pulls the gun from a pocket under his coat, in three pieces, which Samson screws together, while they are talking.)

Fie ! 'tis sharp work ! Barbara, you jade, come hither.

Sam.—Barbara, you jade, come hither.

Raw.—Who bid thee chide her, lout ! Kiss thy old father, wench. Kiss me I say.—So—why dost tremble ? I am rough as a tempest. Evil fortune has blown my lowring nature into turbulence : but thou art a blossom that dost bend thy head so sweetly under my gusts of passion, 'tis pity they should e'er harm thee.

Bar.—Indeed, father, I am glad to see you safe returned.

Raw.—I believe thee. Take the keys. Go to the locker, in the loft, and bring me a glass to recruit me. (Barbara goes out.)

Sam.—Well, father, and so——.

Raw.—Peace.—I ha, shot a buck.

Sam.—O rare ! Of all the sure aims on the borders of the New Forest, here, give me old Gilbert Rawbold ; though I, who aim his son, say it, that should not say it.—Where have you stow'd him, father ?

Raw.—Under the furze, behind the hovel. Come night again, we will draw him in, boy. I have been watch'd.

Sam.

*Sam.*—Watch'd! O, the pestilence! our trade will be spoiled if the Groom-Keepers be after us. The law will persecute us father.

*Raw.*—Do'st know Mortimer?

*Sam.*—What, Sir Edward Mortimer? Aye, sure. He is head Keeper of the forest. 'Tis he who has shut himself up in melancholy. Sees no rich, and does so much good to the poor.

*Raw.*—He has done me naught but evil. A gun cannot be carried on the border, here, but he has scent on't at a league's distance. He is a thorn to me. His scouts this night were after me—all on the watch. I'll be revenged—I'll—So, the brandy.—Enter *BARBARA*, with the *Liquor*.

*Raw.*—(after drinking) 'Tis right, ifaith!

*Sam.*—That 'tis I'll be sworn; for I smuggled it myself. We do not live so near the coast for nothing.

*Raw.*—Sir Edward Mortimer look to it!

*Barb.*—Sir Edward Mortimer! O, dear father, what of him?

*Raw.*—Aye, now thou art all agog! Thou woud'st hear somewhat of that smooth-tongued fellow, his secretary—his clerk, Wilford; whom thou so often meet'st in the forest. I have news on't. Look how you walk thither again. What, thou woud'st betray me to him, I warrant;—conspire against your father.

*Sam.*

*Sam.*—Aye; conspire against your father—and your tender loving brother, you viper, you!

*Barb.*—Beshrew me, father, I meant no harm: and, indeed, indeed, Wilford is as handsome a—I mean as good a youth as ever breathed. If I thought he meant ill by you, I should hate him.

*Raw.*—When didst see him last?—Speak!

*Barb.* You terrify me so, father, I am scarce able to speak. Yesterday, by the copse. 'Twas but to read with him the book of sonnets he gave me.

*Sam.* That's the way your fly, grave rogues, work into the hearts of the females. I never knew any good come of a girl's reading sonnets, with a learned clerk, under a copse.

*Raw.* Let me hear no more of your meetings. I am content to think you would not plot my undoing.

*Barb.* I?—O father!

*Raw.* But he may plot yours. Mark me—Fortune has thrust me forth to prowl, like the wolf;—but the wolf is anxious for its young. I am an outcast whom hunger has hardened. I violate the law; but feeling is not dead within me: and, callous villain as I am accounted, I would tear that greater villain piecemeal, who would violate my child, and rob an old man of the little remains of comfort wretchedness has left him.

(*A knocking at the door. A voice without.*  
*Hilliho ! ho !*)

*Raw.*—How now !

*Sam.*—There ! an they be not after us already.  
*I'll*—We have talk'd, too, 'till tis broad day light.

*Wilford (without)* Open, good master Rawbold ; I would speak to you suddenly.

*Barb.*—O heaven ! 'tis the voice of Wilford himself.

*Raw.*—Wilford ! I'm glad on't—Now he shall—I'm glad on't. Open the door : Quickly, I say. He shall smart for it.

*Sam.*—Are you mad, father ? 'Tis we shall smart for it. Let in the keeper's head man ! The hind quarter of a buck has hung these fourteen days, in the pantry.

*Raw.*—Open, I say.

*Sam.*—O Lord ! I defy any secretary's nose not to smell stolen venison the moment 'tis thrust into our hovel.

SAMSON opens the door. Enter WILFORD.

*Wilf.*—Save you, good people. You are Gilbert Rawbold, as I take it.

*Raw.*—I am. Your message here, young man, bedes me no good : but I am Gilbert Rawbold—and here's my daughter. Do'st know her ?

*Wilf.*—Ah, 'Barbara, good wench ! how fares it with you ?

*Raw.*—Look on her well—then consult you own conscience. 'Tis difficult, haply, for a secretary to find one. You are a villain.

*Wilf.*—You lie. Hold, I crave pardon. You are her father. She is innocent, and you are unhappy: I respect virtue and misfortune too much to shock the one or insult the other.

*Raw.* Sdeath! why meet my daughter in the forest?

*Wilf.* Because I love her.

*Raw.* And would ruin her.

*Wilf.* That's a strange way of shewing one's love, methinks. I have a simple notion, Gilbert, that the thought of having taken a base advantage of a poor girl's affection might go nigh to break a man's sleep, and give him unquiet dreams: now, I love my night's rest, and shall do nothing to disturb it.

*Raw.* Would'st not poison her mind?

*Wilf.* 'Tis not my method, friend, of dosing a patient. Look ye, Gilbert; Her mind is a fair flower, stuck in the rude soil, here, of surrounding ignorance, and smiling in the chill of poverty: —I would feign cheer it with the little sun-shine I possess of comfort and information. My parents were poor like her's; Should occasion serve, I might, haply, were all parties agreed, make her my wife. To offer ought else would affect her, you, and myself; and I have no talent at making three people uneasy at the same time.

*Raw.*

*Raw.* Your hand. On your own account, we are friends.

*Barb.* O dear father!

*Raw.* Be silent. Now to your errand. 'Tis from Mortimer.

*Wilf.* I come from Sir Edward.

*Raw.* I know his malice. He would oppress me with his power. He would starve me and my family. Search my house.

*Sam.* No, father no. You forget the hind quarter in the pantry. *(Aside)*

*Raw.* Let him do his worst: but let him beware. A tyrant; a villain.

*Wilf.* Harkye—he is my master. I owe him my gratitude;—every thing:—and had you been any but my Barbara's father, and spoken so much against him, my indignation had work'd into my knuckles, and cram'd the words down your rusty throat.

*Sam.* I do begin to perceive how this will end. Father will knock down the secretary as flat as a buck.

*Raw.* Why am I singled out? Is there no mark for the vengeance of office to shoot its shaft at but me. This morning, as he dog'd me in the forest — —

*Wilf.* Hush, Rawbold. Keep your counsel. Should you make it publick he must notice it.

*Raw.* Did he not notice it?

*Wilf.*

*Wilf.* No matter—but he has sent me thus early, Gilbert, with this relief to your distresses, which he has heard of. Here are twenty marks for you and your family.

*Raw.* From Sir Edward Mortimer?

*Wilf.* 'Tis his way;—but he would not have it mention'd. He is one of those judges who, in their office, will never warp the law to save offenders: but his private charity bids him assist the needy, before their necessities drive them to crimes which his public duty must punish.

*Raw.* Did Mortimer do this! did he! heaven bless him! Oh, young man, if you knew half the misery—my wife—my children—Shame out! I have stood many a tug, but the drops, now, fall in spite of me. I am not ungrateful; but I cannot stand it. We will talk of Barbara when I have more man about me.

(*Exit up the stair-case.*)

*Wilf.* Farewell. I must home to the lodge quickly. Ere this, I warrant, I am look'd for.

*Barb.* Farewell.

## QUINTETTO.

*Wilford.*

THE Sun has tipt the hills with red;  
The lout now flourishes his flail;  
The punchy parson waddles from his bed,  
Heavy, and heated, with his last night's ale.

Adieu!

Adieu ! adieu ! I must be going ;  
 The dapper village cock is crowing.  
 Adieu, my little Barbara !

*Barbara.*

Adieu !—and should you think upon  
 The lowly cottage, when you're gone,  
 Where two old Oaks, with ivy deckt,  
 Their branches o'er the roof project,  
 I pray, good sir, just recollect  
 That there lives little Barbara.

*Samson.*

And Samson too, good Sir, in smoke and smother  
 Barbara's very tender-loving brother.

*First Boy, to Samson.*

Brother, look ! the fun, aloof,  
 Peeps through the crannies of the roof.  
 Give us food, good brother, pray !  
 For we eat nothing yesterday.

*Children.* Give us food, good brother, pray !

*Samson.* Oh, fire and faggot ! what a squalling !

*Barbara.* Do not chide 'em.—

*Samson.* Damn their bawling !

Hungry stomachs there's no balking :  
 I wish I could stop their mouths with talking :  
 But very good meat is, cent per cent,  
 Dearer than very good argument.

*Wilford.* Adieu, adieu, I must be going ;  
 The dapper village cock is crowing.  
 Adieu, my little Barbara ! }

*Barbara.* Oh, think on little Barbara. }

*Children.* Give us food !

*Samson.* Curse their squalling.

*Wilford*

*Wilford and Barbara.* Adieu! adieu!

*Samson.* Damn their bawling.

*Samson, Wilford, and Barbara.*

Adieu my little Barbara!

Oh, think on little Barbara!

You'll think on little Barbara.

}

SCENE II. *An old fashion'd Hall, in Sir EDWARD MORTIMER's Lodge.*

Several Servants cross the Stage, with Flaggons, Tankards, Cold meat, &c. &c.

Enter ADAM WINTERTON.

*Wint.* Softly, varlets, softly! See you crack none of the stone flaggons. Nay, 'tis plain your own breakfasts be toward, by your skuttling thus.—A goodly morning! Why, you giddy-pated knave, (*to one of the servants.*) is it so you carry a dish of pottery? No heed of our good master, Sir Edward Mortimer's ware? Fie, Peter Pick-bone, fie!

*Serv.*—I am in haste, master Steward, to break my fast.

*Wint.*—To break thy fast!—to break thy neck, it should seem. Ha! ha! good i'faith!—Go thy ways knave! (*Exit servant.*) 'Tis thus the rogues ever have me. I would feign be angry with them, but, straight, a merry jest passeth across me

me, and my choler is over. To break thy neck it should seem! ha, ha! 'twas well conceited, by St. Thomas!—My table-book, for the business of the day. Ah, my memory holds not as it did. It needs the spur. (*Looking over his book.*) Nine and forty years have I been house-steward and butler. Let me see.—Six winters ago, come Christmas eve, died my old master, sir Marmaduke.—Ah! he was a heavy loss. I look'd to drop before him. He was hale and tough:—but, thank heaven, I ha' seen him out, my dear old master! Let me see—my tables: (*Looking over them and singing.*)

When birds do carrol on the bush,  
With a heigh no nonny — — heigho!

*Enter Cook.*

*Cook.*—Master Steward! Good master Winterton!

*Wint.*—Who calls merry old Adam Winterton? Ha, Jacob Cook! Well bethought—the dinner. Nay, I bear a brain: thinking men will combine. I never see Jacob Cook but it reminds me of ordering dinner. We must have—what say my tables—we must have, Jacob—Nay, by St. Thomas, I perceive 'twas Christmas eve *seven* years died my good old master, sir Marmaduke.

*Cook.*—I pray you despatch me, good master steward. I would bestir in time.

*Wint.*

*Wint.*—Then I would counsel thee to rise earlier, Jacob ; for truth to say thou art a sluggard. Ha ! good i'faith !—Let me see ;—Dinner—oh ! Hast thou prepared the fare I order'd yester-night ?

*Cook.*—All kill'd, and ready : but will not Sir Edward Mortimer pall on his diet ? 'Tis the very same bill of fare we serv'd yesterday.

*Wint.*—Hey—let me see—I have settled the dinners throughout the week in my tables. Now, by our lady, I have mistaken, and read Thursday twice over !—Ha ! ha ! ha !—A pestilence upon me ! Well Sir Edward, (heaven bless him !) must bear with me. He must e'en dine to day on what he dined on yesterday !—'tis too late to be changed. Get thee gone, knave, get thee gone.

*Cook.*—(*Going out.*)—Age has so overdone this old dry-bones he'll shortly tumble from the spit.—“ Thursday twice over !”—This comes of being able to read. An old buzzard ! *Exit.*

*Wint.*—These fatigues of office somewhat wear a man. I have had a long lease on't. I ha' seen out Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and King James. 'Tis e'en almost time that I should retire, to begin to enjoy myself. Eh ! by St. Thomas ! hither trips the fair mistress Blanch. Of all the waiting gentlewomen I ever looked on, during the two last reigns, none stir'd my fancy like this little rose-bud.

*Enter Blanch.*

*Blanch.*—A good day, good Adam Winterton.

*Wint.*

*Wint.*—What wag! what tulip! I never see thee but I am a score of years the younger.

*Blanch.*—Nay, then, let us not meet often, or you will soon be in your second child-hood.

*Wint.*—What you come from your mistress, the Lady Helen, in the forest here; and would speak with Sir Edward Mortimer, I warrant?

*Blanch.*—I would. Is his melancholy worship stirring yet?

*Wint.*—Fie, you mad-cap! He is my master, and your Lady's friend.

*Blanch.*—Yes, truly, it seems, her only one, poor Lady: he protects her now she is left an orphan.

*Wint.*—A blessing on his heart! I would it were merrier. Well, she is much beholden to Sir Edward for his consolation: and he never affords her his advice but his bounty is sure to follow it.

*Blanch.*—Just so a crow will nourish its nestling: he croaks first, and then gives her food.

*Wint.*—Ha, ha! good i'faith!—but wicked. Thy company will corrupt, and lead me astray. Should they happen to marry, (and I have my fancies on't,) I'll dance a galliard with thee in the hall, on the round Oak table. Sbud! when I was a youth, I would ha' caper'd with St. Vitus, and beat him.

*Blanch.*—You are as likely to dance, now, as they to marry. What has hindered them, if the par-

ties be agreed?—yet I have, now, been with my mistress these two years; since Sir Edward first came hither, and placed her in the cottage, hard by his lodge.

*Wint.*—Tush! family reasons.—Thou knowest nothing: thou art scarce catch'd. Two years back, when we came from Kent, and Sir Edward first entered on his office, here, of Head Keeper, thou wert a Colt, running wild about New Forest. I hired you myself to attend on madam Helen.

*Blanch.*—Nay I shall never forget it. But you were as frolicksome, then, as I, methinks. Dost remember the box on the ear I gave thee, Adam?

*Wint.*—Peace, peace, you pie! an you prate thus I'll stop your mouth. I will, by Saint Thomas!

*Blanch.*—An I be inclined to the contrary, I do not think you are able to stop it.

*Wint.*—Out, you baggage! thou hast more tricks than a kitten. Well, go thy ways. Sir Edward is at his study, and there thou wilt find him. Ah, mistress Blanch! had you but seen me in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign!

*Blanch.*—How old art thou now, Adam?

*Wint.*—Four score, come Martlemas: and, by our Lady, I can run with a lapwing.

*Blanch.*—Canst thou?—Well said!—Thou art a merry old man, and shalt have a kiss of me, on one condition.

*Wint.*—Shall I! odsbud, name it, and 'tis mine.

*Blanch.*—Then, catch me. (*Runs off.*)

*Wint.*

*Wint.*—Pestilence out! there was a time when my legs had serv'd:—but, to speak truth, I never thrust them, now, into my scarlet hose that they do not remember me of two sticks of red sealing-wax. I was a clean-limb'd stripling, when I first stood behind Sir Marmaduke's arm chair, in the old Oak eating-room.

SONG. *Adam Winterton.*

SIR Marmaduke was a hearty Knight ;  
 Good man! Old man!  
 He's painted standing bolt upright,  
 With his hose roll'd over his knee ;—  
 His Perriwig's as white as chalk ;  
 And on his fist he holds a Hawk ;  
 And he looks like the head  
 Of an ancient family.

II.

His dining-room was long and wide ;  
 Good man! Old man!  
 His Spaniels lay by the fire-side ;—  
 And in other parts, d'ye see,  
 Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,  
 A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats ;  
 And he look'd like the head  
 Of an ancient family.

III.

He never turned the poor from his gate ;  
 Good man! Old man!  
 But always ready to break the pate  
 Of his Country's enemy.  
 What knight could do a better thing,  
 Than serve the poor, and fight for his King.  
 And so may every head  
 Of an ancient family.

Enter

*Enter Wilford.*

*Wilf.*—Every new act of Sir Edward's charity sets me a thinking; and the more I think the more I am puzzled. 'Tis strange that a man should be so ill at ease, who is continually doing good. At times, the wild glare of his eye is frightful; and, last night, when I was writing for him, in the library, I could not help fancying I was shut up with the devil. I would stake my life there's a secret; and I could almost give my life to unravel it. I must to him for my morning's employment. (*Crossing the stage.*)

*Wint.*—Ah! boy! Wilford! secretary! whither away, lad?

*Wilf.*—Mr. Winterton!—Aye, marry, this good old man has the clue, could I but coax him to give it me.—A good morning to you, Sir!

*Wint.*—Yea, and the like to thee, boy. Come, thou shalt have a cup of Canary, from my corner cup-board, yonder.

*Wilf.*—Not a drop.

*Wint.*—Troth, I bear thee a good will for thy honest old dead father's sake.

*Wilf.*—I do thankfully perceive it, Sir. Your placing me in Sir Edward's family, some nine months ago, when my poor father died, and left me friendless, will never out of my memory.

*Wint.*—Tut, boy, no merit of mine in assisting the friendless. 'Tis our duty child. I could never abide

abide to see honest industry chop fallen. I love to have folks merry about me, to my heart.

*Wilf.*—I would you could instill some mirth into our good master Sir Edward. You are an old domestick—the only one he brought with him, two years back, from Kent,—and might venture to give his spirits a jog. He seems devour'd with spleen and melancholy.

*Wint.*—You are a prying boy.—Go to.—I have told thee, a score of times, I would not have thee curious about our worthy master's humour. By my troth, I am angry with thee. What a boy like you?—a—Thou hast put me in choler. Continue this, and I'll undo thee;—I'll un—sbud! I'll unprotect thee.—Ha, good, i'faith! nay, marry, my rage holds not long:—flash and out again. Unprotect thee!—ha! 'twas exceeding good by Saint Thomas!

*Wilf.*—I should cease to pry, sir, would you but once, (as I think you have more than once seem'd inclined) gratify my much-raised curiosity.

*Wint.*—Well said, 'ifaith, I do not doubt thee. I warrant thou wouldst cease to enquire, when I had told thee all thou wouldst know.—What, green-horn, didst think to trap the old man?—Go thy ways, boy! I have a head.—Old Adam Winterton can sift a subtle speech to the bottom.

*Wilf.*—Ah, good sir, you need not tell me that. Young as I am, I can admire that experience, in another, which I want myself.

*Wint.*

*Wint.*—There is something marvellous engaging in this young man. You have a world of promise, boy. Sixty years ago, in Queen Elizabeth's time, I was just such another. I remember Marian Potpan, the farmer's daughter, of Stocks Green, was then enamour'd of me. Well, beware how you offend sir Edward.

*Wilf.*—I would not, willingly, for the world. He has been the kindest master to me. He has inform'd my mind, reliev'd my distresses, cloath'd me, shelter'd me:—but, whilst my fortunes ripen in the warmth of his goodness, the frozen gloom of his countenance chills me.

*Wint.*—Well, well, take heed how you prate on't. Out on these babbling boys! There is no keeping a secret with younkers in a family.

*Wilf.*—(*very eagerly.*) What then there *is* a secret!—’Tis as I guessed after all.

*Wint.*—Why, how now, hot-head?—Mercy on me! an this tinder-box boy do not make me shake with apprehension. Is it thus you take my frequent council?

*Wilf.*—Dear sir, 'tis your council which most I covet. Give me but that; admit me to your confidence; steer me with your advice, which I ever held excellent, and, with such a pilot, I may sail prosperously through a current which, otherwise, might wreck me.

*Wint.*

*Wint.*—'Tis melting to see how unfledged youth will shelter itself, like a chicken, under the wing of such a tough old cock as myself! Well, well, I'll think on't, boy.

*Wilf.*—The old answer.—Yet, he softens apace: could I but clench him now—Faith, sir, 'tis a raw morning; and I care not if I taste the canary your kindness offer'd.

*Wint.*—Aha! lad! say'st thou so? Just my modest humour when I was young. I ever refused my glass at first, but I came to it ere I had quitted my company. Here's the key of the corner cup-board, yonder. See you do not crack the bottle, you heedless goose, you!

(*Wilford takes out bottle and glasses.*)

Ha! fill it up. Od! it sparkles curiously. Here's to—— I prithee, tell me now, Wilford; didst ever in thy life see a waiting-gentlewoman, with a more inviting eye than the little Mrs. Blanch?

*Wilf.*—Here's Mrs. Blanch—(*drinks.*)

*Wint.*—Ah, wag! well, go thy ways! Well, when I was of thy age—— odsbud! no matter; 'tis past, now;—but here's the little Mrs. Blanch—(*drinks.*)

*Wilf.*—'Tis thought, here, sir Edward means to marry her lady, Madame Helen.

*Wint.*—Nay, I know not. She has long been enamour'd of him, poor lady! when he was the gay

gay, the gallant sir Edward, in Kent. Ah, well ! two years make a wond'rous change !

*Wilf.*—Yes, 'tis a good tough love, now a days, that will hold out a couple of twelve-months.

*Wint.*—Away, I mean not so, you giddy pate ! He is all honour ; and as steady in his course as the sun : yet I wonder sometimes he can bear to look upon her.

*Wilf.*—Eh ? why so ? Did not he bring her, under his protection, to the Forest ; since, 'tis said, she lost her relations ?

*Wint.*—Hush, boy ! on your life do not name her uncle—I would say her relations.

*Wilf.*—Her uncle ! wherefore ? Where's the harm in having an uncle, dead or alive ?

*Wint.*—Peace, peace ! In that uncle lies the secret.

*Wilf.*—Indeed ! how good Adam Winterton ? I prithee, how ?

*Wint.*—Ah ! 'twas a heavy day ! Poor sir Edward is now a broken spirit—but if ever a good spirit walk'd the earth in trunk hose, he is one.

*Wilf.*—Let us drink sir Edward's health.

*Wint.*—That I would, tho' 'twere a mile to the bottom—(*drink*). Ha, 'tis cheering, i'faith ! Well, in troth, I have regard for thee, boy, for thy father's sake.

*Wilf.*—Oh, good sir ! and this uncle, you say—

*Wint.*

*Wint.*—Of Madam Helen—ah ! there lies the mischief.

*Wilf.*—What mischief can be in him ? why, he is dead.

*Wint.*—Come nearer—see you prate not now, on your life. Our good master, sir Edward, was arraign'd on his account, in open court.

*Wilf.*—Arraign'd ! how mean you ?

*Wint.*—Alas, boy ! tried.—Tried for —— nearer yet—his murder.

*Wilf.*—Mu—mur—Murder ! (*drops the glass.*)

*Wint.*—Why, what ! why, Wilford ! out, alas ! the boy's passion will betray all ! what, Wilford, I say !

*Wilf.*—You have curdled my blood !

*Wint.*—What, varlet, thou darest not think ill of our worthy master ?

*Wilf.*—I—I am his secretary. Often alone with him at dead midnight, in his library. The candles in the sockets—and a man glaring upon me who has committed mur—ugh !

*Wint.*—Committed ! Thou art a base lying knave, to say it : and while I wear a rapier, I'll ——tush ! Heaven help me ! I forget I am fourscore. Well, well—hear me, pettish boy, hear me. Why, look now, thou dost not attend.

*Wilf.*—I—I mark ; I mark.

*Wint.*—I tell thee, then, our good sir Edward was beloved in Kent, where he had returned a year before from his travels. Madam Helen's

uncle was hated by all the neighbourhood, rich and poor. A mere brute, dost mark me.

*Wilf.*—Like enough: but when brutes walk upon two legs, the law of the land, thank Heaven! will not suffer us to butcher them.

*Wint.*—Go to, you fire-brand! Our good master labour'd all he could, for many a month, to soothe his turbulence; but in vain. He pick'd a quarrel with sir Edward, in the publick county assembly; nay, the strong ruffian struck him down, and trampled on him. Think on that, Wilford; on our good master sir Edward, whose great soul was nigh to burst with the indignity.

*Wilf.*—Well, but the end on't.

*Wint.*—Why, our young master took horse, for his own house, determined, as it appear'd, to send a challenge to this white-liver'd giant in the morning.

*Wilf.*—I see. He kill'd him in a duel. That's another kind of butchery, which the law allows not; true humanity shudders at, and false honour justifies.

*Wint.*—See, now, how you fly off! Sir Edward's revenge, boy, was baffled. For his antagonist was found dead in the street, that night; killed, by some unknown assassins, on his return from the assembly.

*Wilf.*—Indeed! *unknown* assassins!

*Wint.*—Nay, 'tis plain, our good sir Edward had no hand in the wicked act: for he was tried,

as

as I told you, at the next assize. Mercy on me ! 'twas a crowded court ; and how gentle and simple threw up their caps, at his acquittal ! Heaven be thank'd ! he was cleared beyond a shadow of doubt.

*Wilf.*—He was ; I breathe again. 'Twas a happy thing. 'Twas the only way left of cleansing him from a foul suspicion,

*Wint.*—Out alas ! lad, 'tis his principal grief. He is full of nice feeling, and high-flown honour : and the thought of being tried, for such a crime, has given him his heart's wound. Poor gentleman ! he has shun'd the world ever since. He was once the life of all company——but now !

*Sir Ed. (without)*—Winterton !

*Wint.*—Hark ! some one calls. Out on thee, thou hast sunk my spirits into my heels. Who calls merry old Adam Winterton ?

*Sir Edward (without)* Adam Winterton ! come hither to me.

*Wint.*—Nay, by our lady, 'tis Sir Edward himself !—Pestilence ont ! if I seem sad now, 'twill be noted. I come, good Sir Edward.

“ When birds—(not a word on thy life)—  
do carroll on the bush,”

“ With a hey no nonny”——Mercy on me !

(Exit.

*Wilf.*—My throat's parch'd, and my blood freezes. A quart of brandy couldn't moisten the one nor thaw the other. This accounts, then, for

all. Poor, unhappy gentlemen ! This unravels all, from the first day of my service—when a deep groan made me run into the library, and I found him locking up his papers, in the iron chest, as pale as ashes.—Eh ?—What can be in that chest !—Perhaps some proof of — no I shudder at the suggestion.—'Tis not possible one so good can be guilty of — I know not what to think—nor what to resolve. But curiosity is roused, and, come what may, I'll have an eye upon him. (Exit.

SCENE III.—*A Library.*

*Sir Edward Mortimer* discover'd at a Writing Table. *Adam Winterton* attending :

*Mort.*—'Tis his first trespass, so we'll quit him  
Adam :—

But caution him how he offend again.

As Keeper of the forest, I should fine him.

*Wint.*—Nay that your worship should. He'll prove, ere long,  
—Mark but my words—a sturdy poacher. Well, T'is you know best.

*Mort.*—Well, well, no matter, Adam ;—  
He has a wife, and child.

*Wint.*—Ah ! bless your honour !

*Mort.*—They kill'd his dog ?

*Wint.*—Aye, marry, sir :—a lurcher.  
Black Martin Wincot, the groom keeper shot him ;  
A perilous good aim.—I warrant me,  
The rogue has lived this year upon that lurcher.

*Mort.*

*Mort.*—Poor wretch!—Oh! well bethought;  
 Send Walter to me—  
 I would employ him: he must ride for me,  
 On business of much import.

*Wint.*—Lackaday!  
 That it should chance so! I have sent him forth,  
 To Winchester, to buy me flannel hose;  
 For winter's coming on. Good lack! that things  
 Should fall so crostly!

*Mort.*—Nay, nay, do not fret—:  
 'Tis better that my business cool, good Adam,  
 Than thy old limbs.

*Wint.*—Ah! you've a kindly heart!  
*Mort.*—Is Wilford waiting?  
*Wint.*—Wilford! mercy on me!  
 I tremble now to hear his name. He is—  
 Here in the hall, sir.

*Mort.*—Send him in, I prithee.  
*Wint.*—I shall, sir. Heaven bleis you! hea-  
 ven bleis you! (Exit.

*Mort.* Good morning, good old heart! This  
 honest soul  
 Would feign look cheery in my house's gloom,  
 And, like a gay and sturdy ever-green,  
 Smiles in the midst of blast, and desolation,  
 Where all around him withers.—Well, well—  
 wither!

Perish this frail and fickle frame!—this clay,  
 That, in it's dross-like compound, doth contain  
 The mind's pure ore and essence.—Oh! that mind!  
 That mind of man! that god-like spring of action!  
 That

That source, whence Learning, Virtue, Honour,  
flow !—

Which lifts us to the stars ; which carries us  
O'er the swoln waters of the angry deep,  
As swallows skim the air.—That Fame's sole foun-  
tain !

That doth transmit a fair, and spotless name  
When the vile trunk is rotten :—Give me that !  
Oh ! give me but to live, in after-age,  
Remember'd and unsullied !—Heaven and earth !  
Let my pure flame of Honour shine in story,  
When I am cold in death—and the slow fire,  
That wears my vitals now, will no more move me  
Than 'twould a corpse within a monument.

(*A knock at the door of the library*)

How now ! Who's there ? Come in.

(*Enter Wilford.*)

Wilford ! is't you ? You were not wont to knock.

Wilf.—I fear'd I might surprize you, sir.

Mort—Surprize me !

Wilf.—I mean—disturb you, sir :—yes—at your  
studies—

Disturb you at your studies.

Mort.—Very strange !

You were not used to be so cautious.

Wilf.—No—

I never used—but I—hum—I have learnt !—

Mort.—Learnt !

Wilf.—Better manners, sir. I was quite raw,  
When, in your bounty, you first shelter'd me :  
But, thanks to your great goodness, and the lessons

Of

Of Mr. Winterton, I still improve,  
And pick up something daily.

*Mort.*—Aye, indeed!

Winterton!—No he dare not—Hark you, sir.

(*Stepping up to him*)

*Wilf.*—Sir!

*Mort.*—(*retreating from him*). What am I about!  
—Oh, honour! honour!

Thy pile should be so uniform, displace  
One atom of thee, and the slightest breath  
Of a rude peasant makes thy owner tremble  
For his whole building. Reach me, from the shelf,  
The volume I was busied in, last night.

*Wilf.*—Last night, sir?

*Mort.*—Aye;—it treats of Alexander.

*Wilf.*—Oh, I remember, sir—of Macedon.  
I made some extracts, by your order. (*goes to the  
Book-Cafe*)

*Mort.*—Books

(My only commerce, now,) will sometimes rouse me  
Beyond my nature. I have been so warm'd,  
So heated by a well-turn'd rhapsody,  
That I have seem'd the hero of the tale,  
So glowingly described. Draw me a man  
Struggling for Fame, attaining, keeping it,  
Dead ages since, and the Historian  
Decking his memory, in polish'd phrase,  
And I can follow him through every turn,  
Grow wild in his exploits, myself himself,  
Until the thick pulsation of my heart  
Wakes me, to ponder on the thing I am.

*Wilf.*

*Wilf.*—(*giving him the book*)  
To my poor thinking, sir, this Alexander  
Would scarcely rouse a man to follow him.

*Mort.*—Indeed! why so lad? He is reckon'd  
brave,  
Wise, generous, learn'd, by older heads than  
thine.

*Wilf.*—I cannot tell, sir:—I have but a glean-  
ing.—  
He conquer'd all the world;—but left uncon-  
quer'd

A world of his own passions—and they led him,  
(It seems so there) on petty provocation,  
Even to murder. (*Mortimer starts—Wilford and  
he exchange looks—both confused.*)

I have touch'd the string—  
'Twas unawares—I cannot help it. (aside)

*Mort.*—(*attempting to recover himself.*)—Wilford  
—Wilford I—you mistake the character—  
I, mark you—he—death and eternal tortures!  
(*dashes the book on the floor, and siezes Wilford*)  
Slave! I will crush thee! pulverise thy frame!  
That no vile particle of prying nature  
May—Ha, ha ha!—I will not harm thee,  
boy—

O, agony! (Exit.)

*Wilf.*—Is this the high-flown honour, and de-  
licate feeling, old Winterton talk'd of, that can-  
not bear a glance at the trial?—Delicate! had I  
been born under a throttling planet, I had never  
survived

survived this collar ing. This may be guilt. If so—well, what have I to do with the knowledge ont!—what *could* I do? cut off my benefactor! who gives me bread! who is respected for his virtues, pitied for his misfortunes, loved by his family, bless'd by the poor!—Pooh! he is innocent. This is his pride and shame. He was acquitted—Thousands witness'd it—thousands rejoiced at it—thousands—eh? the key left in the iron chest! Circumstance and mystery tempt me at every turn. Ought I—no matter. These are no common incitements and I submit to the impulse. I heard him stride down the stairs. It opens with a spring I see. I tremble in every joint. (*goes to the chest.*)

*Enter Sir EDWARD MORTIMER.*

*Mort.*—I had forgot the key and—ha! by hell!

(Sees Wilford; snatches a pistol from the table, runs up to him, and holds it to his head. Wilford on his knees, claps down the lid of the trunk which he had just open'd. After an apparent struggle of mind, Mortimer throws the pistol from him.)

*Mort.*—Begone!—Come back.—Come hither to me.

Mark me—I see thou dost at every turn—  
And I have noted thee too. Thou hast found  
(I know not how) some clue to my disgrace:—  
Aye, my disgrace—we must not mince it now—  
Publick dishonour!—trod on!—buffeted!

Then tried as the foul demon who had foild  
My manly means of vengeance. Anguish gnaws  
me:

Mountains of shame are piled upon me!—Me,  
Who have made Fame my idol. 'Twas enough!  
But something must be super-added. You,—  
A worm, a viper I have warm'd, must plant,  
In venom'd sport, your sting into my wounds,  
Too tender e'en for tenderness to touch,  
And work me into madness. Thou wouldest  
question

My very—slave!—my very innocence;  
Ne'er doubted yet by judges nor arraigners.  
Wretch! you have wrung this from me. Be  
content

I am funk low enough.

*Wilf.*—(returning the key) Oh, sir! I ever  
Honour'd and loved you. But I merit all.  
My passions hurried me I know not wither.  
Do with me as you please, my kind, wrong'd  
master!

Discard me—thrust me forth—nay, kill me!—

*Mort.* Kill you!

*Wilf.* I know not what I say. —I know but this,  
That I would die to serve you.

Enter a Servant.

*Servant.* Sir, your brother  
Is just alighted at the gate.

*Mort.*

*Mort.* My brother !

He could not time it worse. Wilford, remember. Come, shew me to him. (*Exit with servant.*)

*Wilf.* Remember ! I shall never while I live forget it : nay, I shall never while I live forgive myself. My knees knock together still ; and the cold drops stand on my forehead, like rain-water on a pent-house.

*Enter Barbara.*

*Barb.* Wilford !

*Wilf.* Eh ? Barbara ! How camest thou here ?

*Barb.* With my father, who waits below to see Sir Edward.

*Wilf.* He———He is busied ; he cannot see him now. He is with his brother.

*Barb.* Troth, I am sorry for it. My poor father's heart is bursting with gratitude, and he would fain ease it by pouring out his thanks to his benefactor. Oh, Wilford, your's is a happy lot to have such a master as Sir Edward.

*Wilf.* Happy ? Oh ! yes---I---I am very happy

*Barb.* Mercy ! has any ill befallen you ?

*Wilf.* No ; nothing. 'Tis all my happiness. My happiness is like your father's gratitude, Barbara ; and, at times, it goes near to choak me.

*Barb.* Nay, I'm sure there's more in this. Blefs me, you look pale ! I cou'dn't bear to see you ill, or uneasy, Wilford.

*Wilf.*

*Wilf.* Cou'dn't you, Barbara? Well, well, I shall be better presently. 'Tis nothing of import.

*Barb.* Trust me, I hope not.

*Wilf.* Well, question me no more on't now, I beseech you, Barbara.

*Barb.* Believe me, I wou'd not question you but to console you, Wilford. I would scorn to pry into any one's grief; much more your's, Wilford, to satisfy a busy curiosity. Though, I am told, there are such in the world who would.

*Wilf.* I—— I am afraid there are, Barbara. But come, no more of this. 'Tis a passing cloud on my spirits, and will soon blow over.

*Barb.* Ah! could I govern your fortunes, foul weather should ne'er harm you.

*Wilf.* Should not it, sweet! Kiss me. (*Kisses her.*) The lips of a woman are a sovereign cordial for melancholy.

### DUETT.

#### *Wilford and Barbara.*

*Wilf.* Sweet little Barbara, when you are advancing,

Sweet little Barbara, my cares you remove;

*Barb.* Poor little Barbara can feel her heart dancing,

When little Barbara is met by her love.

*Wilf.* When I am grieved, love! oh, what would you say?

*Barb.* Tattle to you, love,

And prattle to you, love,

And laugh your grief and care away.

*Wilf.*

Sweet little Barbara, &c.

*Barb.*

Poor little Barbara, &c.

*Wilf.*

*Wilf.* Yet, dearest Barbara, look all through the nation,  
Care, soon or late, my love, is ev'ry man's lot.

*Barb.* Sorrow and melancholy, grief and vexation,  
When we are young and jolly, soon is forgot.

*Wilf.* When we grow old, love ! then what will you say ?

*Barb.* Tattle to you, love,  
And prattle to you, love,  
And laugh your grief and care away.

*Wilf.* Sweet little Barbara, &c.

*Barb.* Poor little Barbara, &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

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## A C T      II.

### SCENE I.—*The New Forest.*

*Enter ARMSTRONG and ORSON.*

ARMSTRONG.

GO to—I tell thee, Orson, (as I have told thee more than once) thou art too sanguinary.

*Ors.*—And, I tell you, Captain Armstrong—but always under favour, you being our leader—you are too humane.

*Arm.*—Humanity is scarcely counted a fault: if so, 'tis a fault on the right side.

*Ors.*—Umph! perhaps not with us. We are robbers.

*Arm.*—And why should robbers lack humanity? They who plunder most respect it as a virtue, and make a shew on't to guild their vices. Lawyers, Physicians, Placemen, all—all plunder and slay, but all pretend to humanity.

*Ors.*—They are Regulars, and plunder by licence.

*Arm.*—Then let us Quacks set the regulars a better example.

*Ors.*—This humanity, Captain, is a high horse you are ever bestride upon. Some day, mark my word, he'll fling you.

*Arm.*—Cruelty is a more dangerous beast:—  
When the rider's thrown, his brains are kick'd  
out, and no one pities him.

*Orf.*—Like enough;—but your tough horse-  
man, who ventures boldly, is never dismounted.  
When I am engaged in a desperate chace, (as we  
are, Captain,) I stick at nothing. I hate milk sops.

*Arm.*—And love mutiny. Take heed, Orson,  
I have before caution'd you not to glance at me.

*Orf.*—I say nothing: but if some escape to in-  
form against us, whom we have rob'd, 'tis none  
of my fault. Dead men tell no tales.

*Arm.*—Wretch! Speak that again, and you  
shall tell none. (*holds a carbine to his head.*)

*Orf.*—Flash away!—I don't fear death.

*Arm.*—More shame for thee; for thou art unfit  
to meet it.

*Orf.*—I know my trade. I set powder, ball,  
and rope, at defiance.

*Arm.*—Brute! You mistake headstrong insen-  
sibility for courage. Do not mistake my horror of  
it for cowardice: for I, who shudder at cruelty,  
will fell your boldness to the earth, when I see you  
practice it. Submit.

*Orf.*—I do. I know not what 'tis, but I have  
told you, often, there is something about you  
awes me. I cannot tell—  
I could kill twenty to  
your one.

*Arm.*—There 'tis.—Thou wouldst dart upon  
the weak unguarded man, like a tyger. A ferocious  
animal,

animal, whether crawling or erect, ever slinks from fair opposition.

*Orf.*—My courage was never yet doubted, Captain.

*Arm.*—Your nerves, fool. Thou art a mere machine. Could I but give it motion, I would take an oak from the forest, here, clap a flint into it for heart, and make as bold a fellow as thou art. Listen to my orders.

*Orf.*—I obey.

*Arm.*—Get thee to our den. Put on thy disguise—then hie thee to the market town for provision, for our company. Here—Here is part of the spoil we took yester-night: see you bring an honest account of what you lay out. (giving money)

*Orf.* My honour!—

*Arm.* Well, I do not doubt thee, here. Our profession is singular; it's followers do not cheat one another. You will not be back till dusk. See you fall not on any poor straggling peasant, as you return.

*Orf.* I would feign encounter the solitary man, who is sometimes wandering by night about the forest. He is rich.

*Arm.* Not for your life. 'Tis Sir Edward Mortimer, the head keeper. Touch him not; 'tis too near home. Besides, he is no object for plunder. I have watch'd him, at midnight, stealing from his lodge, to wander like one crazed.

He

He is good, too, to the poor; and should walk unmolested by Charity's charter. 'Twere pity that he who administers to necessity, all day, should be rifled by necessity at night. An thou shouldst meet him, I charge thee spare him.

*Orf.* I must, if it be your order. This sparing doctrine will go nigh, at last, to starve all the thieves. When a man takes to the trade of a wolf, he should not go like a lamb to his business. (*Exit.*

*Arm.* This fellow is a downright villain: Harden'd and relentless. I have felt, in my penury, the world trample on me. It has driven me to take that, desperately, which wanting I should starve. Death! my spirit cannot brook to see a sleek knave walk negligently by his fellow in misery, and suffer him to rot. I will wrench that comfort from him which he will not bestow.—But nature puts a bar:—Let him administer to my wants, and pass on:—I have done with him.

## SONG.

*Armstrong.*

When the Robber his victim has noted,  
When the Free-booter darts on his prey,  
Let Humanity spare the devoted;  
Let Mercy forbid him to slay.

Since my hope is by penury blighted,  
My sword must the traveller daunt;  
I will snatch from the rich man, benighted,  
The gold he denies to my want.

But the victim when, once, I have noted,  
 At my foot, when I look on my prey,  
 Let Humanity spare the devoted ;  
 Let Mercy forbid me to slay.

SCENE II. *The Hall in Sir EDWARD MORTIMER's Lodge.*

*Enter FITZHARDING.*

*Fitz.* Well, business must be minded :—but he stays

A tedious time, methinks.—You fellow !

(To a servant crossing the hall.

*Ser.* Sir !

*Fitz.* Where is Sir Tristful ? Where's Don Melancholy ?

*Serv.* Who, sir ?

*Fitz.* My brother, knave, Sir Edward Mortimer.

*Serv.* He was with you, but now, sir

*Fitz.* Sir, I thank you ;—

That's information. Louts, and serving-men, Can never parley straight. I met a fellow, Here, on my way across the heath,—a Hind— And ask'd how far to Lymington : I look'd The answer would have bolted from his chops, Bounce, like a pellet from a popgun.—No :— He stared, and scratch'd his empty head, and cried, “ Where do you come from ? ” — Who brought in my luggage ?

*Serv.* It was not I, sir.

*Fitz.*

*Fitz.* There!—They never can!  
 Go to your master; pray him to despatch  
 His household work:—tell him I hate fat Folios.  
 Plague! when I cross the country, here, to see  
 him,  
 He leaves me ram'd into an elbow chair,  
 With a huge, heavy book, that makes me nod,  
 Then tumbles on my toes. Tell him, do'st hear,  
 Captain Fitzharding's company has tired me.

*Serv.* Who's company?—

*Fitz.* My own, knave.

*Serv.* Sir, I shall.

(Exit.

*Fitz.* A book to me's a sovereign Narcotick;  
 A lump of opium; every line a dose.  
 Edward is all deep reading, and black letter;  
 He shews it in his very chin. He speaks  
 Mere Dictionary; and he pores on pages  
 That give plain men the head-ach. “ Scarce,  
 and curious,”  
 Are baits his learning nibbles at. His brain  
 Is cram'd with mouldy volumes, cramp, and use-  
 less,  
 Like a librarian's lumber-room.—Poor fellow!  
 Grief will do much!—well! some it drives to  
 reading,  
 And some to drinking:—'twill do much!—this  
 trial—  
 A fool to fret so for't! his honour's clear.  
 Tut! I'm a soldier—know what honour is.  
 Had I been slander'd; and a fair Court martial

Cleansed me from calumny, as white as snow,  
 I had ne'er moped, and fumed, and winced, and  
     kick'd,  
 But sat down heart-whole. Plague upon't! this  
     house

Appears the very cave of melancholy.  
 Nay, hold, I lie:—here comes a petticoat.

*Enter Blanch.*

Od! a rare wench! This is the best edition  
 In Edward's whole collection. Here, come hither!  
 Let me peruse you.

*Blanch.* Would you speak with me, Sir?

*Fitz.* Aye, child. I'm going now to read you.

*Blanch.* Read me!

You'll find me full of errors, sir.

*Fitz.* No matter.

Come nearer, child: I cannot see to read  
 At such a distance.

*Blanch.* You had better, sir,  
 Put on your spectacles.

*Fitz.* Aye, there she has me!

A plague upon old Time! old scythe and hour-  
     glaſs

Has ſet his mark upon me. Harkye, child:  
 You do not know me. You and I must have  
 Better acquaintance.

*Blanch.* O, I've heard of you.  
 You are Sir Edward's kinsman, Sir—his brother.

*Fitz.* Aye—his half brother—by the mother's  
     ſide—

His

His elder brother.

*Blanch.* Yes, Sir, I see that.

*Fitz.* This gypsey's tongue is like her eye : I know not

Which is the sharpest. Tell me what's your name.

*Blanch.* My name is Blanch, Sir—born, here, in the forest.

*Fitz.* Sbud ! I must be a Keeper in this forest. Whither art going, sweet one ?

*Blanch.* Home, sir.

*Fitz.* Home !

Why is not this thy home ?

*Blanch.* No, Sir ; I live Some half mile hence—with madam Helen, sir. I brought a letter from her, to Sir Edward.

*Fitz.* Odso, with Helen !—so—with her !—the object

Of my grave brother's groaning passion. Plague ! I would 'twere in the house. I do not like Your rheumatick, October assignations, Under an elm, by moonlight. This will end In flannels and sciatica. My passion Is not Arcadian. Tell me, pretty one, Shall I walk with you, home ?

*Blanch.* No, Sir, I thank you ; It would fatigue you, sadly.

*Fitz.* Fatigue me !

Oons ! this wild forest filly, here, would make me Grandfather to Methusaleh. Look here— Here is a purse of money.

*Blanch.*

*Blanch.*—O, the father!  
What will you give me any?

*Fitz.*—Gold I find  
The universal key; the *passe par tout*.  
It will unlock a forest maiden's heart,  
As easy as a politician's. Here;  
Here are two pieces, rose-bud. Buy a top-knot;  
Make thyself happy with them.

*Blanch.* That I will.  
The poor old woman, northward of the lodge,  
Lies sick in bed. I'll take her this, poor soul,  
To comfort her.

*Fitz.* Hold!—hey the devil!—hold.  
This was not meant to comfort an old woman.  
*Blanch.* Why, wouldnt you relieve her, Sir?  
*Fitz.* Um?—yes:—  
But—pshaw! pooh, prithee—there's a time for  
all things.  
Why tell me of her now,—of an old fool,—  
Of comforting the aged, now?

*Blanch.* I thought  
That you might have a fellow feeling, Sir.  
*Fitz.* This little pastoral devil's laughing at me!  
Oons! come and kiss me, jade. I am a Soldier,  
And Justice of the Peace.

*Blanch.* Then, shame upon you!  
Your double calling might have taught you better.  
I see your drift now. Take your dirt again,  
*(throws down the money.)*  
Good Captain-Justice!—Stoop for it,—and think.  
How

How an old Soldier, and a Justice, looks,  
When he is picking up the bribes he offers,  
To injure those he should protect ;—the helpless,  
The poor, and innocent. *Exit.*

*Fitz.* I warrant me,  
Could I but see my face, now, in a glass,  
That I look wond'rous sheepish. I'm ashamed  
To pick up the two pieces.—Let them lye.—  
I would not wrong the innocent ;—good reason ;—  
There be so few that are so :—she is honest ;  
I must make reparation. Odso ! Wilford !

*Enter Wilford.*

How fares it, boy ?

*Wilf.* I thank you, sir. I hope you have en-  
joy'd  
Your health, these three months past, since last  
you honour'd us  
With your good presence at the lodge.

*Fitz.* Indifferent.  
Some cramps and shooting pains, boy. I have  
dropt

Some cash here, but I am afraid to bend  
To pick it up again, least it should give me  
An awkward twinge. Stoop for it, honest Wilford.  
There's a good lad !

*Wilf.* Right willingly, Sir. (*Picks up the money.*)  
*Fitz.* So !

The Soldier and the Justice save their blushes.—  
Now, carry it, I prithee, at your leisure,

To

To an old gossip, near the lodge here—northward—

I've heard of her—she's bed-ridden, and sick.  
You need not say who sent you.

*Wilf.* I conceive.

\*Tis private bounty ; that's true charity.

*Fitz.* Nay, pish !—my charity !——

*Wilf.* Nay, I could swear

\*Tis not the first time you have offered this  
In secret.

*Fitz.* Um !—why no ;—not quite the first.  
But tell me, lad, how jogs the world here, eh ?  
In Rueful Castle?—What, some three months back,  
We two were cronies. What hast thou forgot ?  
Thou wert my favourite here, man.

*Wilf.* Sir, you honour'd me  
By saying so.

*Fitz.* Tut ! honour'd !—tut—a fig !  
Thou art grown starch and sad. This air is catch-  
ing ;  
Thou art infected. Harkye, Wilford, harkye !  
Thou'rt a fly rogue ! What you could never tell  
me

Of Helen's waiting maid ; the little cherry ;—  
Of—— plague upon her name !—of——

*Wilf.* Blanch, Sir ?

*Fitz.* Blanch :

That's it ;—the forest fairy.—You and I  
Must have some talk about her.

*Wilf.* Have you seen her ?

*Fitz.*

*Fitz.* Just now: just gone. Od! I have blunder'd horribly!

You must know, lad—come hither.

*(They retire to the back of the scene.)*

*Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.*

*Mort.* Now for my brother, and—Ha! Wilford with him!

That imp is made my scourge. They whisper too. O! I had rather court the thunder-bolt, To melt my bones, and pound me to a mass, Than suffer this vile canker to corrode me.

Wilford!

*Wilf.* Who calls?—eh!—'tis sir Edward.

*Fitz.* Mum!

*Mort.* I seem to interrupt you.

*Wilf.* (earnestly.) No, indeed.

No, on my life, sir:—we were only talking  
Of —

*Fitz.* Hold your tongue. Oons! boy, you must not tell.

*Mort.* Not!

*Fitz.* Not! not to be sure:—why, 'tis a secret.

*Wilf.* You shall know all, sir.—<sup>Tw</sup> a trifle—  
nothing—

In faith you shall know all.

*Fitz.* In faith you lie.  
Be satisfied, good Edward:—'tis a toy.—

But, of all men, I would not have thee know on't.  
It is a tender subject.

*Mort.* Aye, indeed!

*Fitz.* May not I have my secret? Oons! good brother,

What would you say, now, should a meddling knave

Busy his brains with matters, though but trivial,  
Which concern you alone?

*Mort.* I'd have him rot:

Die piecemeal; pine; moulder in misery.  
Agent, and sacrifice to Heaven's wrath,  
When castigating plagues are hurl'd on man,  
Stands lean, and lynx-eyed Curiosity,  
Watching his neighbour's soul. Sleepless himself  
To banish sleep from others. Like a Leech  
Sucking the blood-drops from a care-worn heart,  
He gorges on't—then renders up his food,  
To nourish Calumny, his foul-lung'd mate,  
Who carries Rumour's trumpet; and whose breath,  
Infecting the wide surface of the world,  
Strikes pestilence and blight. O, fie ont! fie!  
Whip me the curious wretch from pole to pole!  
Who writhes in fire, and scorches all around him,  
A victim ~~making~~ <sup>making</sup> victims!

*Fitz.* By the mass,

'Twere a sound whipping that, from pole to pole!  
From constable to constable might serve.  
E'en you yourself were like to prove, but now,

This

This Leech, that's yoke-fellow, you say, to Scan-  
dal,

The bad-breath'd trumpeter.

*Mort.* Your pardon, brother;  
I had forgot. Wilford, I've busineſſ for you.  
Wait for me—aye—an hour after dinner,  
Wait for me in the library.

*Wilf.* The library! —  
I sicken at the sound. (*aside.*) Wait there for you—  
and—

Captain Fitzharding, sir?

*Mort.* For me, alone.

*Wilf.* Alone, sir!

*Mort.* Yes,—begone.

*Wilf.* I shall, sir—but,  
If I have ever breath'd a syllable  
That might displease you may —

*Mort.* Fool! breathe no more.

*Wilf.* I'm dumb.  
I'd rather step into a Lion's den

Than meet him in the library! — I go, Sir. *Exit.*

*Fitz.* Brother, you are too harsh with that poor  
boy.

*Mort.* Brother, a man must rule his family  
In his own way.

*Fitz.* Well, well, well—Don't be touchy.  
I speak not to offend: I only speak  
On a friend's privilege. The poor are men,  
And have their feelings, brother.

*Mort.* So have I!

*Fitz.* One of the best that we can shew, believe me,

Is mildness to a servant. Servants, brother,  
Are born with fortune's yoke about their necks ;  
And that is galling in itself enough ;  
We should not goad them under it. The master  
Should rather cheer them in their servitude,  
With kindly words—not too familiar neither ;  
But utter'd with that air which true benevolence  
Imparts to dignified nobility.

*Mort.* Brother, your hand. You have a gentle nature—

May no mischance e'er ruffle it, my brother !  
I've known thee from my infancy, old soldier ;  
And never did I know—I do not flatter—  
A heart more stout, more cased with hardy man-hood,

More full of milk within. Trust me, dear friend,  
If admiration of thy charity  
May argue charity in the admirer,  
I am not destitute.

*Fitz.* You !—I have seen you  
Sometimes o'erflow with it.

*Mort.* And what avails it ?  
Honour has been my theme ; good will to man  
My study. I have labour'd for a name  
As white as mountain snow ; dazzling, and speckless :

Shame on't ! 'tis blur'd with blots ! Fate, like a  
mildew,

Ruins the virtuous harvest I would reap,  
And all my crop is weeds.

*Fitz.* Why, how now, brother !  
This is all spleen. You mope yourself too much,  
In this dull forest, here. Twenty blue devils  
Are dancing jigs, and hornpipes, in your brains.  
Fie, fie ! be more a man.

*Mort.* Well, I have done.

*Fitz.* Come, what's for dinner ? Od ! I mean  
to eat  
Abundantly.

*Mort.* I know not, brother. Honest Winter-  
ton

Will tell you all.

*Fitz.* What he ! old Adam ! he !  
My merry buck of Paradise ? — Odso !  
I have not seen him. Well, he shall produce  
A flaggon of the best ; and, after dinner,  
We will be jovial. Come, come, rouse you, man !  
I came on purpose, thirty miles from home,  
To jog your spirits. Prithee, now, be gay !  
And, prithee, too, be kind to my young favourite !  
To Wilford there.

*Mort.* Well, well ; I hope I have been.

*Fitz.* No doubt, in actions :—but in words,  
and looks.—

A rugged look's a damper to a greenhorn.  
I watch'd him, now, when you frown'd angrily ;  
And he betray'd —

*Mort.* Betray'd !

*Fitz.* Ten thousand fears.

*Mort.*

*Mort.* Oh!

*Fitz.* The poor devil couldn't shew more scared  
Had you e'en held a pistol to his head.

(*Mortimer starts.*)

Why hey-day ! what's the matter ?

*Mort.* Brother I ——

Question me not ; my nerves are a spin-like ;  
The slightest breath will shake 'em. Come, good  
brother.

*Fitz.* You'll promise to be gay ?

*Mort.* I'll do my best.

*Fitz.* Why that's well said ! A man can do no  
more.

Od ! I believe my rattling talk has given you  
A stir already.

*Mort.* That it has indeed !

Come, brother !

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. HELEN'S COTTAGE.

*Enter Helen and Samson.*

*Helen.* Are you he that wish to enter in my ser-  
vice ?

*Samf.* Yes, so please you, Madam Helen, for  
want of a better.

*Helen.* Why, I have seen you in the forest—at  
Rawbold's cottage. He is your father, as I think.

*Samf.* Yes, so please you, Madam ; for want  
of a better.

*Helen.*

*Helen.* I fear me you may well say that. Your father, as I have heard, bears an ill name, in the forest.

*Sams.* Alas ! madam, he is obliged to bear it — for want of a better. We are all famish'd, madam : and the naked and hungry have seldom many friends to speak well of them.

*Helen.* If I should hire thee, who will give thee a character ?

*Sams.* My father, madam.

*Helen.* Why sirrah, he has none of his own.

*Sams.* The more fatherly in him, madam, to give his son what he has need of, for himself. But a knave is often applied to, to vouch for a good servant's honesty. I will serve you as faithfully as your last footman ; who, I have heard, ran away this morning.

*Helen.* Truly, he did so.

*Sams.* I was told on't, some half hour ago ; and ran, hungrily, hither, to offer myself. So, please you, let not poverty stand in the way of my preferment.

*Helen.* Should I entertain you, what could you do to make yourself useful ?

*Sams.* Any thing. I can wire hares, snare partridges, shoot a buck, and smuggle brandy, for you, madam.

*Helen.* Fie on you, knave ! 'Twere fitter to turn you over to the Verderors of the forest, for punishment,

punishment, than to encourage you in such practices.

*Samf.* I would practice any thing better, that might get me bread. I would scrape trenchers, fill buckets, and carry a message. What can a man do ! He can't starve.

*Helen.* Well, sirrah, to snatch thee from evil, I care not if I make trial of thee ?

*Samf.* No ! will you ?

*Helen.* Nineteen in twenty might question my prudence for this :—but, whatever loss I may suffer from thy roguery, the thought of having open'd a path to lead a needy wanderer back to virtue will more than repay me.

*Samf.* O, bless you, lady ! If I do not prove virtuous never trust in man more. I am overjoy'd !

*Helen.* Get thee to the kitchen. You will find a livery there will suit you.

*Samf.* A livery ! O, the father ! Virtuous and a livery, all in a few seconds ! Heaven bless you !

*Helen.* Well, get you to your work.

*Samf.* I go, madam. If I break any thing to day, beseech you let it go for nothing ; for joy makes my hand tremble. Should you want me please to cry Samson, and I am with you in a twinkling. Heaven bless you ! Here's fortune !

(Exit.

*Helen.* Blanch stays a tedious time. Heaven send Mortimer's health be not worse ! He is sadly altered since we came to the forest. I dream'd last night,

night, of the fire he saved me from ; and I saw him, all fresh, in manly bloom, bearing me through the flames, even as it once happened.

*Enter. Blanch.*

*Helen.* How now wench ! You have almost tired my patience.

*Blanch.* And my own legs, madam. If the old footman had not made so much use of his, by running away, they might have spared mine.

*Helen.* Inform me of Sir Edward Mortimer. Hast seen him ?

*Blanch.* Yes, I have, madam.

*Helen.* Say ; tell me ; How look'd he ? how's his health ? is he in spirits ? What said he, Blanch ? Will he be here to day ?

*Blanch.* A little breath, madam, and I will answer all, duly.

*Helen.* O ! fie upon thee, wench ! These interrogatories should be answered. Quicker than breath can utter them.

*Blanch.* That's impossible, lady.

*Helen.* Thou would'st not say so hadst thou ever lov'd.

Love has a fleeter messenger than speech,  
To tell love's meaning. His expresses post  
Upon the orbs of vision, ere the tongue  
Can shape them into words. A lover's look  
Is his heart's Mercury. O ! the Eye's eloquence,

Twin-born with thought, outstrips the tardy voice,  
Far swifter than the nimble lightning's flash  
The sluggish thunder-peal that follows it.

*Blanch.* I am not skill'd in eye-talking, madam. I have been used to let my discourse ride upon my tongue, and, I have been told, 'twill trot at a good round pace upon occasion.

*Hel.* Then let it gallop, now, beseech you, wench,  
And bring me news of Mortimer.

*Blanch.* Then, madam, I saw Sir Edward in his library: and deliver'd your letter. He will be here either in the evening, or on the morrow: 'tis uncertain which—for his brother, Captain Fitzharding, is arrived on a visit to him.

*Hel.* Is he?—well, that may somewhat raise his spirits.

That soldier has a pleasant, harmless mind. Mirth gilds his age, and sits upon his brow Like sun in winter. I ne'er saw a man More cheerful in decline, more laughter-loving, More gay, and frolicksome.

*Blan.* Frolicksome enough, if you knew all—but not so harmless. (*aside*)

*Hel.* He'll scarce be here to night.

*Blanch.* Who? Sir Edward? Happily not, madam: but his letter may chance to specify further particulars.

*Hel.* His letter! Has he written?—fie upon thee!

Why

Why didst not give it me, at once? Where is it?  
Thou art turn'd dreamer, wench!—Come, quickly.

*Blanch.* You talk'd to me so much of reading  
eyes, madam, that I e'en forgot the letter. Here  
it is.

*Helen.* Come to me, shortly, in my cabinet:  
I'll read it there.—I am almost unfit  
To open it. I ne'er receive his letters  
But my hand trembles. Well, I know 'tis silly,  
And yet I cannot help it. I will ring;  
Then come to me good Blanch—not yet. My  
Mortimer,  
Now for your letter!

(*Exit.*)

*Blanch.* I would they were wedded once, and  
all this trembling would be over. I am told  
your married lady's feelings are little roused in  
reading letters from a husband.

*Enter SAMSON—drest in a Livery.*

*Sam.* This sudden turn of fortune might puff  
some men up with pride. I have look'd in the  
glass already:—and if ever man look'd braver in  
a glass than I, I know nothing of finery.

*Blanch.* Hey day! who have we here?

*Sam.* Oh, lord! this is the maid.—I mean  
the waiting-woman. I warrant we shall be rare  
company, in a long winter's evening.

*Blanch.* Why, who are you?

*Sam.* I'm your fellow-servant:—the new comer.

The last footman cast his skin in the pantry this morning, and I have crept into it.

*Blanch.* Why, sure, it cannot be!—Now I look upon you again, you are Samson Rawbold—old Rawbold's son, of the forest here.

*Sam.* The same; I am not like some upstarts; When I am prosperous, I do not turn my back on my poor relations.

*Blanch.* What, has my lady hired thee?

*Sam.* She has taken me, like a pad nag, upon trial.

*Blanch.* I suspect you will play her a jade's trick, and stumble in your probation. You have been caught tripping, ere now.

*Sam.* An I do not give content 'tis none of my fault. A man's qualities cannot come out all at once. I wish you would teach me a little how to lay a cloth.

*Blanch.* You are well qualified for your office truly, not to know that.

*Sam.* To say truth, we had little practice that way at home. We stood not upon forms. We had sometimes no cloth for a dinner.

*Blanch.* And, sometimes, no dinner for a cloth.

*Sam.* Just so. We had little order in our family.

*Blanch.* Well, I will instruct you.

*Sam.* That's kind. I will be grateful. They tell me I have learnt nothing but wickedness yet; but I will instruct you in any thing I know, in return.

*Blanch.*

*Blanch.* There I have no mind to become your scholar. But be steady in your service, and you may outlive your beggary, and grow into respect.

*Sam.* Nay, an riches rain upon me, respect will grow of course. I never knew a rich man yet who wanted followers to pull off their caps to him.

## SONG.

## SAMSON.

## I.

A traveller stopt at a widow's gate ;  
She kept an Inn, and he wanted to bait ; —

But the landlady slighted her guest :  
For when Nature was making an ugly race,  
She certainly moulded this traveller's face

As a sample for all the rest.

## II.

The chamber-maid's sides they were ready to crack,  
When she saw his queer nose, and the hump at his back ; —

A hump is'nt handsome, no doubt —  
And though 'tis confess'd, that the prejudice goes,  
Very strongly, in favour of wearing a nose,  
Yet a nose should'nt look like a snout.

## III.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid —  
'Thad a wond'rous effect on the widow and maid !

And they quickly grew marvellous civil.  
The money immediately alter'd the case ;  
They were charm'd with his hump, and his snout, and his face,  
Tho' he still might have frightened the devil.

## IV.

He paid like a prince — gave the widow a smack —  
'Then flop'd on his horse, at the door, like a sack ;  
While the landlady, touching the chink,

Cried —

Cried—“ Sir, should you travel this country again,  
 “ I heartily hope that the sweetest of men  
 “ Will stop at the widow’s to drink.”

*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *The LIBRARY.*

WILFORD, *discover’d.*

*Wilf.* I would Sir Edward were come ! The dread of a fearful encounter is, often, as terrible as the encounter itself. Yet my encounters with him, of late, are no trifles. Some few hours back, in this very room, he held a loaded pistol within an inch of my brains. Well, that was passion—he threw it from him on the instant, and—eh !—He’s coming.—No. The old wainscot cracks, and frightens me out of my wits: and, I verily believe, the great folio dropt on my head, just now, from the shelf, on purpose to encrease my terrors.

(Enter Sir EDWARD MORTIMER, at one door of the Library, which he locks after him. WILFORD turns round on hearing him shut it.)

*Wilf.* What’s that ?—’Tis he himself ! Mercy on me ! he has lock’d the door !—What is going to become of me !

*Mort.* Wilford !—Is no one in the picture-gallery ?

*Wilf.* No——not a soul, Sir——Not a human soul.—

None within hearing, if I were to bawl  
 Ever so loud.

*Mort.*

*Mort.* Lock yonder door.

*Wilf.* The door, Sir !

*Mort.* Do as I bid you.

*Wilf.* What, Sir ? Lock—— (*Mortimer waves with his hand*)

I shall, Sir. (*going to the door and locking it*)

His face has little anger in it, neither :

’Tis rather mark’d with sorrow, and distress.

*Mort* Wilford approach me.—What am I to say  
For aiming at your life !—Do you not scorn me,  
Despise me for it ?

*Wilf.* I ! Oh, Sir !——

*Mort.* You must.

For I am singled from the herd of men,

A vile, heart-broken wretch !

*Wilf.* Indeed, indeed, Sir,  
You deeply wrong yourself. Your equal’s love.  
The poor man’s prayer, the orphan’s tear of gra-  
titude,

All follow you :—and I !—I owe you all !

I am most bound to bless you.

*Mort.* Mark me, Wilford.—

I know the value of the orphan’s tear,

The poor man’s prayer, respect from the respected ;

I feel to merit these, and to obtain them,

Is to taste here, below, that thrilling cordial

Which the remunerating Angel draws,

From the eternal fountain of delight,

To pour on blessed souls; that enter heaven.

I feel

I feel this:—I!—How must my nature, then,  
 Revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand,  
 In human blood?—and yet it seems, this day,  
 I fought your life.—O! I have suffer'd madness—  
 None know my tortures—pangs!—but I can end  
 them:

End them as far as appertains to thee.—  
 I have resolv'd it.—Hell-born struggles tear me!  
 But I have ponder'd on't,—and I must trust thee.

*Wilf.* Your confidence shall not be —

*Mort.* You must swear.

*Wilf.* Swear, Sir!—will nothing but an oath,  
 then —

*Mort.* Listen.

May all the ills that wait on frail humanity  
 Be doubled on your head, if you disclose  
 My fatal secret! May your body turn  
 Most lazarus-like, and loathsome; and your mind  
 More loathsome than your body! May those fiends  
 Who strangle babes, for very wantonness,  
 Shrink back, and shudder at your monstrous crimes,  
 And, shrinking, curse you! Palsies strike your  
 youth!

And the sharp terrors of a guilty mind  
 Poison your aged days; while all your nights,  
 As on the earth you lay your houseless head,  
 Out-horror horror! May you quit the world  
 Abhor'd, self-hated, hopeless for the next,  
 Your life a burthen, and your death a fear!

*Wilf.*

*Wilf.* For mercy's sake, forbear ! you terrify me !

*Mort.* Hope this may fall upon thee ;—Swear thou hopest it,

By every attribute which heaven, earth, hell,  
Can lend, to bind, and strengthen conjuration,  
If thou betray'st me.

*Wilf.* Well I —— (*hesitating.*)

*Mort.* No retreating !

*Wilf.* (*after a pause.*)

I swear, by all the ties that bind a man,  
Divine, or human,—never to divulge !

*Mort.* Remember you have sought this secret :—Yes,

Extorted it. I have not thrust it on you.  
'Tis big with danger to you ; and to me,  
While I prepare to speak, torment unutterable.  
Know, Wilford that —— damnation !

*Wilf.* Dearest Sir !  
Collect yourself. This shakes you horribly.  
You had this trembling, it is scarce a week,  
At Madam Helen's.

*Mort.* There it is.—Her Uncle !

*Wilf.* Her uncle !

*Mort.* Him. She knows it not—None know it—

You are the first ordained to hear me say,  
I am —— his murderer.

*Wilf.* O, heaven !

*Mort.* His assassin.

*Wilf.* What you that—mur—the murder—  
I am choak'd!

*Mort.* Honour, thou blood-stain'd God! at  
whose red altar

Sit War and Homicide, O, to what madness  
Will insult drive thy votaries! By heaven,  
In the world's range there does not breathe a man  
Whose brutal nature I more strove to soothe,  
With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,  
Than his who fell by me. But he disgraced me,  
Stain'd me,—oh, death, and shame!—the world  
look'd on,

And saw this sinewy savage strike me down;  
Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro,  
On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,  
In every fibre of my frame, cried vengeance!  
I left the room, which he had quitted. Chance,  
(Curse on the chance!) while boiling with my  
wrongs,

Thrust me against him, darkling, in the street:—  
I stab'd him to the heart:—and my oppressor  
Roll'd, lifeless, at my foot.

*Wilf.* Oh! mercy on me!  
How could this deed be cover'd!

*Mort.* Would you think it?  
E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,  
Butcher'd a fellow-creature in the dark,  
I had all good mens love. But my disgrace,  
And my opponent's death, thus link'd with it,  
Demanded notice of the magistracy.

They

They summon'd me, as friend would summon friend,  
 To acts of import, and communication.  
 We met: and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumour,  
 To put me on my trial. No accuser,  
 No evidence appeared, to urge it on.—  
 'Twas meant to clear my fame.—How clear it, then?  
 How cover it? you say.—Why, by a Lie:—  
 Guilt's offspring, and its guard. I taught this breast,  
 Which Truth once made her throne, to forge a lie;  
 This tongue to utter it.—Rounded a tale,  
 Smooth as a Seraph's song from Satan's mouth;  
 So well compacted, that the o'er throng'd court  
 Disturb'd cool justice, in her judgment-feat,  
 By shouting “Innocence!” ere I had finish'd.  
 The Court enlarged me; and the giddy rabble  
 Bore me, in triumph, home. Aye!—look upon  
 me.—

I know thy sight aches at me.

*Wilf.* Heaven forgive me!  
 I think I love you stil! :—but I am young;  
 I know not what to say :—it may be wrong.—  
 Indeed I pity you.

*Mort.* I disdain all pity.—  
 I ask no consolation. Idle boy!  
 Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence  
 Was given to move thy pity?—Love of fame  
 (For still I cling to it) has urged me, thus,  
 To quash thy curious mischief in it's birth.  
 Hurt honour, in an evil, cursed hour,  
 Drove me to murder—lying:—'twould again.

My honesty,—sweet peace of mind,—all, all !  
Are barter'd for a name. I *will* maintain it.  
Should slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,  
And my soul's agency survive in death,  
I could embody it with heaven's lightning,  
And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit  
Should strike the blaster of memory  
Dead in the church-yard. Boy, I would not kill  
thee :

Thy rashness and discernment threaten'd danger :  
To check them there was no way left but this :—  
Save one—your death :—you shall not be my victim.

*Wilf.* My death ! What take my life ?—My  
life ! to prop  
This empty honour.

*Mort.* Empty ! Groveling fool !

*Wilf.* I am your servant, Sir : child of your  
bounty ;

And know my obligation. I have been  
Too curious, haply ; 'tis the fault of youth.  
I ne'er meant injury : if it would serve you,  
I would lay down my life ; I'd give it freely :—  
Could you, then, have the heart to rob me of it ?  
You could not ;—should not.

*Mort.* How !

*Wilf.* You dare not.

*Mort.* Dare not !

*Wilf.* Some hours ago you durst not. Passion  
moved you ;  
Reflection interposed, and held your arm.  
But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,  
My

My innocence would give me strength to struggle,  
And wrest the murderous weapon from your hand.  
How would you look to find a peasant boy  
Return the knife you level'd at his heart ;  
And ask you which in heaven would shew the best,  
A rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty ?

*Mort.* 'Tis plain I dare not take your life. To  
spare it,

I have endanger'd mine. But dread my power ;—  
You know not it's extent. Be warn'd in time :  
Trifle not with my feelings. Listen, Sir !  
Myriads of engines, which my secret working  
Can rouse to action, now encircle you.  
I speak not vaguely. You have heard my prin-  
ciple ;

Have heard, already, what it can effect :  
Be cautious how you thwart it. Shun my brother ;  
Your ruin hangs upon a thread : Provoke me,  
And it shall fall upon you. Dare to make  
The slightest movement to awake my fears,  
And the gaunt criminal, naked and stake-tied,  
Left on the heath to blister in the sun,  
'Till lingering death shall end his agony,  
Compared to thee, shall seem more enviable  
Than Cherubs to the damn'd.

*Wilf.* O, misery !  
Discard me sir ! I must be hateful to you.  
Banish me hence. I will be mute as death ;  
But let me quit your service.

*Mort.*

*Mort.* Never.—Fool !  
To buy this secret, you have sold yourself.  
Your movements, eyes, and, most of all, your  
breath,  
From this time forth, are fetter'd to my will.  
You have said, truly : you are hateful to me :—  
Yet you shall feel my bounty :—that shall flow,  
And swell your fortunes ; but my inmost soul  
Will yearn with loathing, when—hark ! some one  
knocks !

Open the door.

[Wilford *opens the door*, and Winterton *comes in.*]

*Mort.* How now, Winterton ?  
Did you knock more than once ? Speak—did you  
listen—  
—I mean, good Adain, did you wait ?—Aye, wait  
Long at the door, here ?

*Wint.* Blefs your honour ! no.  
You are too good to let the old man wait.

*Mort.* What, then, our talk, here—Wilford's  
here and mine—

Did not detain you at the door ?—Ha !—did it ?

*Wint.* Not half a second.

*Mort.* Oh !—well, what's the matter ?

*Wint.* Captain Fitzharding, Sir, entreats your  
company.

I've placed another flaggon on the table.

Your worship knows it.—Number thirty-five :—  
The supernaculum.

*Mort.*

*Mort.* Well, well.—I come.  
What, has he been alone?

*Wint.* No—I've been with him.  
Od ! he's a merry man ! and does so jest !  
He calls me first of men, cause my name 's Adam.  
Well ! 'tis exceeding pleasant, by St. Thomas !

*Mort.* Come, Adam ; I'll attend the Captain.  
—Wilford,

What I have just now given you in charge,  
Be sure to keep fast lock'd. I shall be angry,—  
Be very angry if I find you carelefs.  
Follow me, Adam.

*Exit Mortimer---Winterton following.*

*Wilf.* This house is no house for me. Fly I will, I am resolved :—but whither ? His threats strike terror into me ; and were I to reach the pole, I doubt whether I should elude his grasp. But to live here a slave—slave to his fears,—his jealousies ! Night's coming on. Darkness be my friend ! for I will forth instantly. The thought of my innocence will cheer me as I wander thro' the gloom. Oh ! when guilty Ambition writhes upon its couch, why should bare-foot Integrity repine, though it's sweet sleep be canopied with a ragged hovel !

*(Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The inside of an Abbey, in ruins. Part of it converted into an habitation for Robbers. Various entrances to their apartment, through the broken arches of the building, &c. &c.*

*Enter JUDITH, and a Boy.*

*Jud.* Well, sirrah ! have you been upon the scout ? Are any of our gang returning ?

*Boy.* No, Judith ! not a soul.

*Jud.* The rogues tarry thus to fret me.

*Boy.* Why, indeed, Judith, the credit of your cookery is lost among thieves. They never come punctual to their meals.

*Jud.* No tidings of Orson yet, from the market town ?

*Boy.* I have seen nothing of him.

*Jud.* Brat ! thou dost never bring me good news.

*Boy.* Judith, you are ever so cross with me !

*Jud.* That wretch Orson slighted my love of late. Hence, you hemp-seed, hence ! Get to the broken porch of the abbey, and watch. 'Tis all you are good for.

*Boy.* You know I am but young yet, Judith ! but with good instructions, I may be a robber, in time.

*Jud.* Away, you imp ! you will never reach such preferment. (*A whistle without.*) So ! I hear some of our party. (*Whistle again ; the boy puts his fingers in his mouth, and whistles in answer.*)

*Jud.*

*Jud.* Why must you keep your noise, sirrah?

*Boy.* Nay, Judith, 'tis one of the first steps we boys learn in the profession. I shall ne'er come to good, if you check me so. Huzza! here come two!

*Enter two Robbers, through the broken part of the Scene.*

*Jud.* So! you have found your road at last. A murrain light upon you! is it thus you keep your hours?

*1st Rob.* What, hag, ever at this trade! Ever grumbling?

*Jud.* I have reason. I toil to no credit; I watch with no thanks. I trim up the table for your return, and no one returns in due time to notice my industry. Your meat is scorch'd to cinders. Rogues, would it were poison for you!

*2d Rob.* How the fury raves! Here, take my carbine; 'twas levell'd, some half hour since, at a traveller's head.

*Jud.* Hah, hah, hah! Rare! Didst shoot him?

*1st Rob.* Shoot him? No. This devil in petticoats thinks no more of slaying a man, than killing a cock-chafer. I never knew a woman turn to mischief, that she did not outdo a man, clean.

*Jud.* Did any of you meet Orson on your way?

*1st Rob.* Aye, there the hand points. When that fellow is abroad you are more savage than customary; and that is needless.

*2d Rob.* None of our comrades come yet? They will be finely soak'd.

*1st Rob.* Aye, the rain pours like a spout upon the ruins of the old abbey wall here.

*Jud.* I'm glad on't. May it drench them, and breed agues! 'twill teach them to keep time.

*1st Rob.* Peace! thou abominable railer. A man had better dwell in purgatory, than have thee in his habitation.—Peace, devil! or I'll make thee repent.

*Jud.* You! 'tis as much as thy life is worth to move my spleen.

*1st Rob.* What, you will set Orson, your champion, upon me?

*Jud.* Coward! he should not disgrace himself with chastising thee.

*1st Rob.* Death and thunder!—

*Jud.* Aye, attack a woman, do! it suits your hen-hearted valour. Assault a woman!

*1st Rob.* Well—passion hurried me. But I have a respect for the soft sex, and am cool again. Come, Judith, be friends.—Nay, come, do; and I will give thee a farthingale, I took from a lawyer's widow.

*Jud.* Where is it?

*1st Rob.* You shall have it.

*Jud.* Well—I— Hark!

*2d Rob.* Soft! I think I hear the foot of a comrade.

## MUSICAL DIALOGUE AND, CHORUS.

*Robbers and Judith.*

Listen! No; it is the owl,  
 That hoots upon the mould'ring tow'r.  
 Hark! the rain beats, the night is foul!  
 Our comrades stay beyond their hour.

Listen!

All's hush'd around the abbey wall.—  
 Soft! Now I hear a robber's call!

Listen!

They whistle!—Answer it!—'Tis nigh!  
 Again! A comrade comes.—'Tis I!  
 And here another; and here another!  
 Who comes! A brother. Who comes?

A brother.

Now they all come pouring in;  
 Our jollity will soon begin.  
 Sturdy partners, all appear!  
 We're here! and here, and here, and here!  
 Thus we stout freebooters prowl,  
 Then meet to drain the flowing bowl!

(At different periods of the Musick, the Robbers enter,  
 through various parts of Ruins, in groups.)

Enter ORSON, with Luggage on his Back, as if return'd from the Market.

1st. Rob. See! hither comes Orson at last. He walks in like plenty, with provision on his shoulder.

Jud. O, Orson!—why did'st tarry, Orson? I began to fear. Thou art cold and damp. Let me wring the wet from thy cloaths. O! my heart leaps to see thee.

*1st. Rob.* Mark how this she-bear hugs her bruin !

*Orf.* Stand off ! This hamper has been wearisome enough. I want not thee on my neck.

*Jud.* Villain ! 'tis thus you ever use me. I can revenge :—I can——do not, dear Orson ! do not treat me thus.

*Orf.* Let a man be ever so sweet temper'd, he will meet somewhat to sour it. I have been vex'd to madness.

*2d. Rob.* How now, Orson, what has vex'd thee now ?

*Orf.* A prize has slipt through my fingers.

*3d. Rob.* Aye ! marry, how ?

*Orf.* I met a straggling knave on foot, and the rogue resisted. He had the face to tell me that he was thrust on the world to seek his fortune ; and that the little he had about him was his all. Plague on the provision at my back ! I had no time to rifle him :—but I have spoil'd him for fortune seeking, I warrant him.

*Rob.* How ?

*Orf.* Why I beat him to the ground. Whether he will e'er get up again the next passenger may discover.

*Jud.* Ha ! Ha ! O, brave, ! That's my valiant Orson !

*3d. Rob.* Orson, you are ever disobeying our Captain's order. You are too remorseless and bloody.

*Orf.* Take heed, then, how you move my anger,

ger, by telling me on't. The affair is mine—I will answer to the consequence.

*4th. Rob.* I hear our Captain's signal. Here he comes. Ha!—he is leading one who seems wounded.

*Enter ARMSTRONG, supporting WILFORD.*

*Arm.* Gently, good fellow! come, keep a good heart!

*Wilf.* You are very kind. I had breathed my last, but for your care. Wither have you led me?

*4th. Rob.* Where you will be well treated, youngster. You are now among as honourable a knot of men as ever cried "stand" to a traveller.

*Wilf.* How: among robbers!

*4th. Rob.* Why so the law's cant calls us gentlemen who live at large.

*Wilf.* So! For what am I reserved!

*Arm.* Fear nothing. You are safe in this asylum. Judith, lead him in. See some of my linen ready, and look to his wound.

*Jud.* I do not like the office. You are ever at these tricks. 'Twill ruin us in the end. What have we to do with charity?

*Arm.* Turbulent wretch! obey me.

*Jud.* Well, I shall. Come, fellow, since it must be so.

*Arm.* Anon, I'll visit you myself, lad.

*Wilf.* Heaven bless you! whate'er becomes of my

my life—and faith, I am almost weary on't—I am bound to your charity. Gently, I pray you—my wound pains.—Gently!

*(Exit. led out by JUDITH.)*

*Arm.* I would I knew which of you had done this.

*1st. Rob.* Why what's the matter, Captain?

*Arm.* Cruelty is the matter. Had not accident led me to the spot where he lay, yon poor boy had bled to death. I learn'd his story, partly, from him, on the way: and know how basely he has been, handled by one of you. Well, time must discover him: for he, who had brutality enough to commit the action, can scarcely have courage enough to confess it.

*Ors.* Courage, Captain, is a quality, I take it, little wanted by any here. What signify words—I did it.

*Arm.* I suspected thee, Orson. 'Tis scarce an hour since he, whom thou hast wounded, quitted the service of Sir Edward Mortimer, in the forest, here; and enquiry will doubtless be made.

*2d. Rob.* Nay then we are all discover'd.

*Arm.* Now, mark what thou hast done. Thou hast endanger'd the safety of our party; thou hast broke my order (tis not the first time, by many) in attacking a passenger:—and what passenger? One whose unhappy case should have claim'd thy pity. He told you he had displeased his master—

left

left the house of comfort, and with his scanty pittance, was wandering round the world to mend his fortune. Like a butcher, you struck the forlorn boy to the earth, and left him to languish in the forest. Would any of our brave comrades have done this?

*All.*—None! None!

*Arm.* Comrades, in this case, my voice is single. But if it have any weight, this brute, this Orson, shall be thrust from our community, which he has disgraced. Let it not be said, brothers, while want drives us to plunder, that wantoness prompts us to butchery.

*Robbers.* O brave Captain! away with him!

*Ors.* You had better ponder on't, ere you provoke me.

*Arm.* Rascal! do you mutter threats. You cannot terrify us. Our calling teems with danger—we are not to be daunted by the treachery of an informer. We defye you. Go. You dare not hurt us. You dare not sacrifice so many brave, and gallant fellows, to your revenge, and proclaim yourself scoundrel. Begone.

*Ors.* Well, if I must, I must. I was always a friend to you all: but if you are bent on turning me out—why—fare you well.

*Robbers.* Aye, aye—Away, away.

*Ors.* Farewell then.

(Exit.

*Arm.* Come, comrades—Think no more of this,

this. Let us drown the choler we have felt in wine and revelry.

## FINALE.

Jolly Friars tippled here,  
E're these Abbey walls had crumbled;  
Still the ruins boast good cheer,  
Though long ago the cloysters tumbled.

The Monks are gone:—

Well! well!

That's all one:—

Let's ring their knell.

Ding dong! ding dong! to the bald-pated monk!

He set the example,

We'll follow his sample,

And all go to bed most religiously drunk.

Peace to the good fat Friar's soul!

Who every day,

Did wet his clay,

In the deep capacious bowl.

Huzza! Huzza! we'll drink and we'll sing!

We'll laugh, and we'll quaff,

And make the welkin ring!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

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## A C T    III.

SCENE I. WINTERTON'S Room, in Sir EDWARD MORTIMER'S Lodge.

SAMSON and BLANCH, *discover'd, at a Table, with Bottle and Glasses.*

BLANCH.

SAMSON, you must drink no more.

*Sams.* One more glass, Mistress Blanch, and I shall be better company. 'Twill make me loving.

*Blanch.* Nay, then, you shall not have a drop.

*Sams.* I will:—and so shall you too. (*filling the glass*) Who knows but it may make you the same.

*Blanch.* You are wond'rous familiar, Mr. Lout.

*Sams.* I would not willingly offend. I will endeavour at more respect. My humble duty to you. (*drinks.*)

*Blanch.* I would counsel you to be cautious of drinking, Samson. Consider where you are. We are now, remember, in Sir Edward Mortimer's Lodge.

*Sams.* In the Butler's room;—where drinking has always a privilege. (*fills.*)

*Blanch.* What, another!

*Sams.* Do not fear. 'Twill not make me familiar

miliar again. My lowly respects to you. (*drinks*) This same old Winterton's wine has a marvellous choice flavour. I wonder whether 'twas smuggled.

*Blanch.* Should you totter with this, now, in the morning, 'twould go nigh to shake your office to the foundation, before night. My Lady would never pardon you.

*Sams.* 'Twould be hard to turn me adrift, for getting drunk, on the second day of my service.

*Blanch.* Truly, I think 'twould be reason sufficient.

*Sams.* 'Twould not be giving a man a fair trial. How should she know but I intend to be sober for a year after?

*Blanch.* How should she know, indeed! or any one else, who has heard of your former rogueries.

*Sams.* Well, the worst fault I had was being a sportsman.

*Blanch.* A sportsman! out on you, rogue! you were a poacher.

*Sams.* Aye, so the rich nick-name us poor brothers of the field; and lay us by the heels when we do that for hunger which they practice for amusement. Cannot I move you to take a thimble-full, this cold morning?

*Blanch.* Not a drop, I.

*Sams.* Hark! I think I hear old Winterton coming back. By our lady, Mistress Blanch, we have made a desperate hole in the bottle, since he left us.

*Blanch.*

*Blanch.* We ! why, you slanderous rogue, I have not tasted it.

*Sams.* No—'tis not he.

*Blanch.* No matter ; he will be back on the instant. Leave this idle guzzling, if you have any shame. Think we are attending madam Helen, in her visit to Sir Edward, on his sudden sickness. Think, too, on the confusion from Wilford's flight. Is it a time for you, sot, to tipple, when the whole house is in distress and melancholy ?

*Sams.* Alas ! I have too tender a heart Mistress Blanch ; and have need of somewhat, in the midst of this sorrow, to cheer my spirits.

*Blanch.* This wine will shortly give your professions of amendment the lie.

*Sams.* Let it give me the lie : 'Tis an affront I can easily swallow. Come, a bargain—an you will take one glass with me, I will give over.

*Blanch.* Well, on that condition—

*Sams.* Agreed—for that will just finish the bottle. (*fills*) I will drink no health, now, but of thy giving.

*Blanch.* Then listen and edifye.—May a man never insult a woman with his company, when drunkenness has made him a brute.

*Sams.* With all my heart :—But a woman knows that man may be made a brute, when wine is clean out of the question. Eh ! Here comes the old man, in real earnest.

*Enter ADAM WINTERTON.*

*Wint.* Well, I am here again.—What madcap?—In truth, I have a world of care. Our good master taken ill on the sudden. Wilford flown:—A base, ungrateful boy!—One that I was so fond of:—And to prove such a profligate! I began to love the young villain like my own child. I had mark'd down the unfortunate boy, in my last testament: I had—Bless me! my cold is wondrous troublesome to my eyes, this morning. Ah! 'tis a wicked world:—But old Winterton keeps a merry heart still. Do I not, pretty mistress Blanch?

*Blanch.* I hope you do, Adam.

*Wint.* Nay, on second thought, I do not keep it; for thou hast stolen it from me, tulip! ha! good ifaith!—

*Sams.* Ha! ha!—Well ifaith that is a good jest! ha! ha!

*Wint.* Dost think so, varlet? “Thou hast stolen it from me, tulip!” Well, it was; it was exceeding pleasant, by St. Thomas! Heigho! I must e'en take a glass to console me. One cup to —eh! mercy on me! why the liquor has flown. Ha! the bottle has leak'd, haply.

*Sams.* Yes, Sir:—I crack'd that bottle, myself, in your absence.

*Wint.* Crack'd! Why what a carelefs goose  
art

art thou ! these unthrifty knaves !—ah ! times are sadly changed for the worse, since I was a boy.

*Blanch.* Dost think so, Adam ?

*Adam.* Question any man, of my age, and he will say the same. Domesticks never broke bottles in queen Elizabeth's time. Servants were better then—aye, marry, and the bottles were better bottles. 'Tis a degenerate world ! Well ; heigho !

*Blanch.* Why dost sigh thus, Adam ?

*Wint.* In truth, this is as heavy a day for me !—

*Blanch.* I hope not, Adam. Come, come, things are not so bad, I warrant thee. You have long drank smilingly of the cup of life, Adam ; and when a good man takes his potion without murmuring, Providence seldom leaves the bitterest drop at the bottom. What is the matter, Adam ?

*Wint.* Alas ! nothing but evil. These attacks come on our worthy master as thick as hail, and weaken him daily. He has been grievous ill, in the night, poor soul ! and ne'er slept a wink since I brought him the news.

*Blanch.* What news, good Adam ?

*Wint.* Why of Wilford's flight !—A reprobate ! The shock of his baseness has brought on Sir Edward's old symptoms.

*Blanch.* What call you his old symptoms ?

*Wint.* The shiverings, and trembling fits, which have

have troubled him these two years. I begin to think the air of this forest doth nourish agues. I can never move him to drink enough of canary. I think, in my conscience, I had been aguish myself, in these woods, had I not drank plenty of canary.

*Sams.* Mass, when I am ill, this old boy shall be my apothecary. *(aside.)*

*Blanch.* Well, well, he may mend. Do not fancy the worst, ere worse arrives, Adam.

*Wint.* Nay, worse has arrived already.

*Blanch.* Aye! marry, how?

*Wint.* Wilford's villany. Sir Edward says, he has proofs of the blackest treachery against him.

*Blanch.* Indeed!

*Wint.* It chills my old blood to think on't! I had mark'd out the boy as a boy of promise—A learned boy! He had the backs of all the books in our library by heart: and now a hue and cry is after him. Mercy on me! if the wretched lad be taken, Sir Edward will bring him to the charge. We none know what 'tis yet; but time will shew.

*Blanch.* You surprize me! Wilford turn dishonest! I could scarce have credited this; and after two years trial, too.

*Sams.* O, monstrous! to turn rogue after two years trial! Had it happened after two days, indeed, 'twere not to be wonder'd at.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Mr. Winterton, there is a young woman of the forest, would speak with you.

*Wint.*

*Wint.* Out on't! These cottagers time their business vilely. Well, bid her come in, Simon.

*Ser.* And, Mistress Blanch, your lady would see you anon, in the breakfast parlour. [*Exit.*]

*Blanch.* I come quickly. Be not cast down, now, Adam; keep thy old heart merry still.

*Wint.* Ha! in truth, I know not well, now, what would mend my spirits.

*Blanch.* What think you of the kiss I promis'd?

*Wint.* Ah, wag! go thy way. Od! thou hast nimble legs. Had I o'er taken thee yesterday—Ah! well, no matter.

*Blanch.* Come, I will not leave thee comfortless, in these sad times. Here—Here is my hand, Adam.

*Wint.* Thou wilt shew me a light pair of heels again, now.

*Blanch.* No, in faith. Come; 'tis more than I would offer to every one. Take it.

*Wint.* That I will, most willingly. (*Kisses her hand.*)

*Blanch.* Do not play the rake now, and boast of my favours; for I am told there is a breed of puppies will build stories, to a simple girl's prejudice, on slighter encouragement than this. Be not you one of those empty coxcombs, and so adieu, Adam. [*Exit.*]

*Wint.* Nay, I was never given to vaunt. 'Sbud! if I had, many a tale had been told, sixty years back, of young, lusty Adam Winterton.—Eh! why what dost thou titter at, scapegrace?

*Samf.*

*Sams.* I, sir?—Not I. *(Smothering a laugh.)*

*Wint.* I had forgot this varlet. Pestilence on't! Should this knave prate of my little gallantry, I tremble for the good name of poor Mistress Blanch!

*Enter BARBARA.*

*Bar.* May I come in, good your worship?

*Wint.* Aye, marry, that thou may'it, pretty one.—Well, though many things have declined, since I was a boy, female beauty keeps its rank still. I do think there be more pretty women now than there were in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

*Sams.* Flesh! this is our Barbara. *(Aside.)*

*Wint.* Well, and what wouldest have, sweet one, with old Adam—Eh! by St. Thomas, why thou art she I have seen, ere now, with Wilford.

*Barb.* Beseech you, tell me where he is, sir?

*Wint.* Alas, child, he's gone—flown! Eh? what—why art not well, child?

*Barb.* Nothing, sir—I only—I hoped he would have called at our cottage, ere he quitted the forest. Is there no hope that he may come back, sir?

*Wint.* None, truly, except force bring him back. Alas, child! the boy has turn'd out naught; and justice is dogging him at the heels.

*Barb.* What Wilford, sir?—my poor—O, sir, my heart is bursting! I pray you, pardon me. Had he pass'd our cottage in his flight, I would have ran out, and follow'd him all the world over.

*Wint.*

*Wint.* To see what love will do ! Just so did Jane Blackthorn take on for me, when Sir Marmaduke carried me to London, in the hard winter.

*Barb.* Beseech you, forgive me, sir ! I only came to make enquiry, for I had heard a strange tale. I would not have my sorrows make me troublesome to your worship.

*Wint.* To me ? poor wench ! nay, that thou art not. I trust, child, I ne'er turn'd a deaf ear, yet, to the unfortunate. 'Tis man's office to listen to the sorrows of a woman, and do all he can to soothe them. Come, come, dry thy tears, chicken.

*Barb.* I look'd to have been his wife shortly, sir. He was as kind a youth—And, I am sure, he wanted not gratitude. I have heard him talk of you, as you were his father, sir.

*Wint.* Did he ? Ah ! poor lad. Well, he had good qualities ; but, alas ! he is now a reprobate. Poor boy ! To think, now, that he should speak kindly of the old man, behind his back !

*Barb.* Alas, this is the second flight to bring unhappiness to our poor family !

*Wint.* The second ! How do'st mean, wench ?

*Barb.* My brother, sir, left our cottage suddenly, yesterday morning ; and we have no tidings of him since.

*Sams.* Lo you, now, where he stands, to glad the hearts of his disconsolate relations ! Sister Barbara, why dost not know me ?

*Barb.* Eh? No—Sure it can't——Brother Samson?

*Sams.* Mr. Samson—Head serving man to the Lady Helen, of the New Forest.

*Barb.* O, the fortune! can it be! what gain'd thee so good a place, Samson?

*Sams.* Merit. I had no interest to back me. Mine is a rare case—I was promoted on the score of my virtues.

*Wint.* Out upon thee! thy knaveries have been the talk of the whole forest; and furnish'd daily food for conversation.

*Sams.* Truly, then, conversation has fared better upon them than I. But my old character is laid aside with my old jerkin. I am now exalted.

*Wint.* An I have any forecast in destiny, friend, thou bidst fair, one day, to be more exalted.—Ha! good ifaith! Come, you must to the kitchen knave. I must thither myself, to give order for the day.

*Barb.* Must I return home, then, your worship, with no tidings?

*Wint.* Ah! heaven help me! what havock doth wanton Cupid make with us all! Well, tarry about the house, with thy brother; we may hear somewhat, haply, anon. Take care of thy sister knave; and mark what I have said to thee.—“Thou bidst fair one day to be more exalted.” Ha! well, it was exceeding pleasant, by St. Thomas! *Exit.*

*Sams.* Well, Barbara, and how fares father?

*Barb.*

*Barb.* He has done nought but chide, since you disappear'd, Samson. It has sour'd him with us all.

*Samf.* Well, I will call, soon, and set all even.

*Barb.* Will you, brother?

*Samf.* I will. Bid him not be cast down. I will protect the Rawbold family.

*Barb.* Truly, brother, we are much in need of protection.

*Samf.* Do not fear. Lean upon my power. I am head of all the male domesticks, at madam Helen's

*Barb.* O, the father! of all! and how many be there, brother?

*Samf.* Why, truly, not so many as there be at the Lodge, here. But I have a boy under me, to chop wood, and draw water.

*Barb.* The money we had from Sir Edward's bounty, is nearly gone in payment of the debt our father owed. You know he had shortly been imprison'd, else.

*Samf.* My stock is somewhat low, too.—But, no matter. Keep a good heart. I am now a rising man. I will make you all comfortable.

*Barb.* Heaven bless you Samson!

*Samf.* In three months, I look for a quarter's wages; and then Dick shall have a shirt. I must now take you roundly to task.

*Barb.* Me, brother!

*Samf.* Aye, marry. You would throw yourself away on this Wilford—who, as the story goes, is little better than the devil's own imp.

*Barb.* O, brother! be not so uncharitable. I know not what is against him, but he has not been heard yet. Consider too—were all our actions, at home, to be sifted, I fear me, we might not escape blameless.

*Samf.* Aye, but he, it seems, is falling, and we are upon the rise; and that makes all the difference. Mass! how gingerly men will sift the faults of those who are getting up hill in the world; and what a rough shake they give those who are going downward!

*Barb.* I would not be one of those sisters, brother.

*Samf.* No,—I warrant, now, thou wouldest marry this vagabond.

*Barb.* That I would, brother. He has cheer'd me in my distress, and I would sooner die than leave him, now he is unfortunate.

*Samf.* Hast thou no respect for the family? Thou wilt bring endless disgrace on the name of Rawbold. Shame on you! to take away from our reputation, when we have so little!

*Barb.* I thought, brother, you would have shewn more pity for your poor sister.

*Samf.* Tush! Love's a mere vapour.

*Barb.* Ah! brother.

## A P L A Y.



### DUETT.

*SAMSON and BARBARA.*

#### I.

*Barbara.*

From break of the morning, were I with my love,  
I'd talk till the evening drew nigh ;  
And, when the day did close,  
I'd sing him to repose,  
And tune my love a lullaby.

#### II.

*Samson.*

From break of the morning, were I with my love,  
O ! long e'er the evening drew nigh,  
Her talk would make me dose,  
Till the musick of my nose  
Would play my love a lullaby.

#### III.

*Barbara.*

Our children around us, I'd look on my love,  
Each moment in rapture would fly.

*Samson.*

But love is apt to pall,  
When the brats begin to squall,  
And a wife is screaming lullaby.

*Both.* From break of the morning, &c.

SCENE.

SCENE II. *A Room in Sir PHILIP MORTIMER's Lodge.*

MORTIMER and HELEN *discovered.*

*Hel.* Sooth, you look better now; indeed you do.

*Mort.* Thou'rt a sweet flatterer!

*Hel.* Ne'er trust me, then,  
If I do flatter. This is wilfulness.—

Thou wilt be sick, because thou wilt be sick.  
I'll laugh away this fancy, Mortimer.

*Mort.* What couldst thou do to laugh away my  
sickness?

*Hel.* I'll mimick the physician—wise and dull—  
With cane at nose, and nod emphatical,  
Portentous in my silence; feel your pulse,  
With an owl's face, that shall express as much  
As Galen's head, cut out in wood, and gilt,  
Stuck over an apothecary's door.

*Mort.* And what wouldst thou prescribe?

*Hel.* I would distil  
Each flower that lavish happiness produced,  
Through the world's paradise, ere Disobedience  
Scatter'd the seeds of care; then mingle each,  
In one huge cup of comfort for thee, love,  
To chace away thy dulness. Thou shouldst wanton  
Upon the wings of Time, and mock his flight,  
As he sail'd with thee tow'rd Eternity.  
I'd have each hour, each minute of thy life,  
A golden holiday; and should a cloud

O'ercast.

O'ercast thee, be it light as a gossamer,  
 That Helen might disperse it with her breath,  
 And talk thee into sunshine !

*Mort.* Sweet, sweet Helen !  
 Death, soften'd with thy voice, might dull his sting,  
 And steep his darts in balsam. Oh ! my Helen,  
 These warnings which that grisly monarch sends,  
 Forerunners of his certain visitation,  
 Of late are frequent with me. It should seem  
 I was not meant to live long.

*Hel.* Mortimer !  
 My Mortimer ! You—Oh ! for heaven's sake,  
 Do not talk thus ! You chill me. You are well ;  
 Very well.—You give way—Oh, Mortimer !  
 Banish these fantasies. Think on poor Helen !

*Mort.* Think on thee, Helen ?

*Hel.* Aye : but not think thus.  
 You said, my Mortimer, my voice could soothe,  
 In the most trying struggle.

*Mort.* Said I so ?

Yet, Helen, when my fancy paints a death-bed,  
 I ever place thee foremost in the scene,  
 To make the picture touching. After man  
 Is summon'd, and has made up his account,  
 Oh ! 'tis a bitter after-reck'ning, when  
 His pallid lips receive the last, sad kiss,  
 Fond, female anguish prints ! Then, Helen, then,  
 Then comes man's agony ! To leave the object  
 He shelter'd in his heart, grief-struck and helpless ;  
 To grasp her hand ; to fix his hollow eye

Upon

Upon her face, and mark her mute despair,  
'Till the last flutter of his aching spirit  
Hurries him hence, for ever !

*Hel.* Oh ! for pity——

What have I done, that you—— (*bursts into tears.*)

*Mort.* My Helen !

*Hel.* I did not mean to weep. Oh, Mortimer,  
I could not talk so cruelly to you !  
I would not pain you thus, for worlds !

*Mort.* Nay, come ;  
I meant not this. I did not mean to say  
There's danger now ; but 'tis the privilege  
Of sickness to be grave, and moralize  
On that which sickness brings. I prithee, now,  
Be comforted. Believe me, I shall mend.  
I feel I shall already.

*Hel.* Do you, Mortimer ?  
Do you, indeed, feel so ?

*Mort.* Indeed I do.

*Hel.* I knew you would :—I said it. Did I not ?  
I am so glad ! You must be cautious now.—  
I'll play the nurse to-day—and then, to-morrow,  
You shall not brood at home, as you are wont,  
But we will ride together, through the forest.  
You must have exercise. Oh ! I will make you  
Fresh as the summer dew-drop, and as healthy  
As ruddy Labour, springing from his bed,  
To carol o'er the fallow !

*Mort.* Dearest prattler !  
Men would meet sickness with a smiling welcome,  
Were all woo'd back to health thus prettily.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* I see it in your looks, now, you are better.

*Mort.* Scarce possible, so suddenly !

*Hel.* O, yes ;

There is no little movement of your face  
But I can mark on the instant—'Tis my study.  
I have so gaz'd upon it, that, I think,  
I can interpret ev'ry turn it has,  
And read your inmost soul.

*Mort.* What ?

*Hel.* Mercy on me !

You change again.

*Mort.* 'Twas nothing. Do not fear ;  
These little shocks are usual.—'Twill not last.

*Hel.* Would you could shake them off !

*Mort.* I would I could !

*Hel.* Resolve it, then ; and the bare resolution  
Will bring the remedy. Rally your spirits ;  
I prithee, now, endeavour.—This young man,  
This boy—this Wilford—he has been ungrateful ;  
But do not let his baseness wear you thus.  
Ev'n let him go.

*Mort.* I'll hunt him through the world !

*Hel.* Why, look you there now ! Pray be calm.

*Mort.* Well, well ;

I am too boisterous : 'Tis my unhappiness  
To seem most harsh where I would shew most kind,  
The world has made me peevish.—This same boy  
Has somewhat moved me.

*Hel.* He's beneath your care.

Seek him not now, to punish him. Poor wretch !

He carries that away, within his breast,  
Which will embitter all his life to come,  
And make him curse the knowledge on't.

*Mort.* The knowledge!—  
Has he then breathed—Carries within his  
breast!

What does he know?

*Hel.* His own ingratitude.

*Mort.* O, very true.

*Hel.* Then leave him to his Conscience.

It is a scorpion, sent by Heaven itself,  
To fix on hidden crimes; a slow, still stream,  
Of moulten lead, kept dropping on the heart,  
To scald and weigh it down. Believe me, love,  
There is no earthly punishment so great,  
To scourge an evil act, as man's own conscience,  
To tell him he is guilty.

*Mort.* 'Tis a hell!

I pray you talk no more on't.—I am weak—  
I did not sleep last night.

*Hel.* Would you sleep now?

*Mort.* No, Helen, no. I tire thy patient sweet-  
ness.

*Hel.* Tire me! nay, that you do not. You  
forget

How often I have sat by you, and watch'd,  
Fanning the busy summer-flies away,  
Lest they should break your slumbers. Who comes  
here?

*Enter WINTERTON.*

What, Winterton ! How do'st thou, old acquaintance ?

How dost thou, Adam ?

*Wint.* Bless your goodness, well.

Is my good master better ?

*Hel.* Somewhat, Adam.

*Wint.* Now, by our lady, I rejoice to hear it !  
I have a message—

*Hel.* O, no business now !

*Wint.* Nay, so I said. Quoth I, his honour's sick ;

Perilous sick ! but the rogue press'd, and press'd ;  
I could refuse no longer. Out upon them !

The varlets know old Winterton's good nature.

'Tis my weak side.

*Hel.* Who has thus importuned you ?

*Wint.* To say the truth, a most ill-favor'd varlet.  
But he will speak to none but to his worship.  
I think 'tis forest business.

*Mort.* O, not now :

Another time—to morrow—when he will.

I am unfit.—They teize me !

*Wint.* Ev'n as you please, your worship. I  
should think,

From what he dropt, he can give some account  
Of the poor boy.

*Mort.* Of Wilford !

*Wint.* Troth, I think so.  
The knave is shy; but Adam has a head.

*Mort.* Quick; send him hither on the instant!  
Haste!

Fly, Adam, fly!

*Wint.* Well now, it glads my heart  
To hear you speak so briskly.

*Mort.* Well, despatch!

*Wint.* I go. Heaven bless you both! Heaven  
send you well,

And merry days may come again. [Exit.

*Hel.* I fear, this business may distract you, Mor-  
timer;

I would you would defer it till to-morrow.

*Mort.* Not so, sweet. Do not fear. I prithee  
now,

Let me have way in this. Retire awhile.

Anon I'll come to thee.

*Hel.* Pray now, be careful.  
I dread those agitations. Pray, keep calm.

Now do not tarry long. Adieu, my Mortimer!

*Mort.* Farewel, awhile, sweet!

*Hel.* Since it must be so—

Farewel!

[Exit Helen.

*Mort.* Dear, simple innocence! thy words of  
comfort

Pour oil upon my fires. Methought her eye,  
When first she spake of conscience, shot a glance  
Like her dead uncle on me. Well, for Wilford!  
That slave can play the Parthian with my fame,

And

And wound it while he flies. Bring him before me,  
 Place me the runagate within my gripe,  
 And I will plant my honour on its base,  
 Firmer than adamant, tho' hell and death  
 Should moat the work with blood! Oh, how  
 will sin

Engender sin! Throw guilt upon the soul,  
 And, like a rock dash'd on the troubled lake,  
 'Twill form its circles, round succeeding round,  
 Each wider than the——

*Enter ORSON.*

How now! What's your busines?

*Ors.* Part with your office in the forest: part  
 Concerns yourself in private.

*Mort.* How myself?

*Ors.* Touching a servant of your house; a lad,  
 Whose heels, I find, were nimbler than his duty.

*Mort.* Speak; what of him? Quick—Know  
 you where he is?

Canst bring me to him?

*Ors.* To the very spot.

*Mort.* Do it.

*Ors.* Nay, softly.

*Mort.* I'll reward you—amply—  
 Ensure your fortunes.

*Ors.* First ensure my neck.  
 'Twill do me little good else. I've no heirs;  
 And, when I die, 'tis like the law will bury me,  
 At its own charge.

*Mort.*

*Mort.* Be brief, and to your purpose.

*Orf.* Then, to the business which concerns your office,

Here, in the forest.

*Mort.* Nay, of that anon.

First of my servant.

*Orf.* Well, ev'n as you please.

'Tis no rare thing—Let public duty wait,  
Till private interests are settled. But  
My story is a chain. Take all together,  
'Twill not unlink.

*Mort.* Be quick, then. While we talk,  
This slave escapes me.

*Orf.* Little fear of that.

He's in no plight to journey far to-day.

*Mort.* Where is he hid?

*Orf.* Hard by; with robbers.

*Mort.* Robbers!—

Well, I'm glad on't. 'Twill suit my purpose best.

(aside.)

—What, has he turn'd to plunder?

*Orf.* No; not so.

Plunder has turn'd to him. He was knock'd down,  
Last night, here in the forest, flat and sprawling;  
And the milk-hearted captain of our gang  
Has shelter'd him.

*Mort.* It seems, then, thou'rt a thief?

*Orf.* I serv'd in the profession: But, last night,  
The scurvy rogues cashier'd me. 'Twas a plot,  
To ruin a poor fellow in his calling.

And

And take away my means of getting bread.  
I come here, in revenge. I'll hang my comrades,  
In clusters, on the forest oaks, like acorns.

*Mort.* Where lies their haunt?

*Ors.* Give me your honour, first — — —

*Mort.* I pledge it, for your safety.

*Ors.* Send your officers  
To the old abbey ruins; you will find  
As bold a gang as e'er infested woods,  
And fatten'd upon pillage.

*Mort.* What, so near me!  
In some few minutes, then, he's mine! Ho!  
Winterton!

Now for his lurking place! Hope dawns again.  
Remain you here; I may have work for you.

(to *Orson*.)

O! I will weave a web so intricate,  
For this base insect! so entangle him! — — —  
Why, Winterton! Thou jewel, reputation!  
Let me secure thee, bright and spotless, now;  
And this weak, care-worn body's dissolution,  
Will cheaply pay the purchase! Winterton!

[Exit.]

*Ors.* There may be danger in my stay here. I  
will e'en slink off, in the confusion I have rais'd.  
I value not the reward. I hang my comrades, and  
that shall content me. (Exit.)

*A Hall,*

*A Hall in the Lodge.**Enter FITZHARDING.*

*Fitz.* Rare scuttling tow'r'd ! This lodge is little Babel :

And Spleen and Sickness are the household gods,  
In this, my brother's, castle of confusion.  
The hue and cry is up ! I am half tempted  
To wish the game too nimble for the dogs,  
That hunt him at the heels. Dishonest ! Well,  
I'll ne'er trust looks again. His face hangs out  
A goodly sign ; but all within, it seems,  
Is dirty rooms, stale eggs, prick'd wine, sour beer,  
Rank bacon, musty beef, and tallow candles.  
I'll be deceived no more.—I'll mix with none,  
In future, but the ugly : honest men,  
Who can out-grin a Griffin ; or the head  
Carved on the prow of the good ship the Gorgon.  
I'm for carbuncled, weather-beaten faces,  
That frighten little children, and might serve  
For knockers to hall gates.—Now—who are you ?

*Enter SAMSON.*

*Sam.* Head serving man to madam Helen, Sir.

*Fitz.* Well, I may talk to thee ; for thou dost  
answer

To the description of the sort of men  
I have resolved to live with.

*Sam.* I am proud, Sir,  
To find I have your countenance.

*Fitz.*

*Fitz.* Can't tell me  
The news of Wilford?

*Sams.* He is turn'd a rogue, Sir.  
An errant knave, Sir. 'Tis a rare thing, now,  
To find an honest servant:—We are scarce.

*Fitz.* Where lies the Abbey where they go to  
seek him?  
Dost know it?

*Sams.* Marry, do I; in the dark.  
I have stood near it, many a time, in winter,  
To watch the hares, by moonlight.

*Fitz.* A cold pastime!

*Sams.* Aye, Sir; 'twas killing work. I've left  
it off.

*Fitz.* Think you they will be back soon?

*Sams.* On the instant:  
It is hard by, Sir.—Hark I hear their horses!  
They are return'd, I warrant.

*Fitz.* Run you, fellow,—  
If Wilford's taken, send him here to me.

*Sams.* Why he's a rogue, Sir. Would your  
worship stoop  
To parley with a rogue?

*Fitz.* Friend, I will stoop  
To prop a sinking man, that's call'd a rogue,  
And count him innocent, 'till he's found guilty.  
I learn'd it from our English laws; where Mercy  
Models the weights that fill the scales of Justice;  
And Charity, when Wisdom gives her sentence,  
Stands by to prompt her. 'Till detection comes,

I side with the accused.

*Sams.* Would I had known  
Your worship sooner. You're a friend, indeed!  
All undiscover'd rogues are bound to pray for  
you:

—So, Heaven bless you!

*Fitz.* Well, well—bustle; stir:—  
Do as I bid thee.

*Sams.* Aye Sir.—I shall lean  
Upon your worship in any time of need.—  
Heaven reward you!—Here's a friend to make!

*Exit.*

*Fitz.* I have a kind of movement, still, for  
Wilford,

I cannot conquer. What can be this charge  
Sir Edward brings against him?—Should the boy  
Prove guilty!—well; why should I pity guilt?  
Philosophers would call me driv'ler.—Let them.  
Whip a deserter, and philosophy  
Stands by, and says he merits it. That's true:—  
But wherefore should philosophy take snuff,  
When the poor culprit writhes? A plague on  
stoicks!

I cannot hoop my heart about with iron,  
Like an old beer-butt. I would have the vessel  
What some call weak:—I'd have it ooze a little.  
Better compassion should be set abroach,  
'Till it run waste, then let a system-monger  
Bung it with Logick; or a trencher cap  
Bawl out his ethics on it, 'till his thunder

Turn

Turns all the liquor sour.—So! Here he comes!

*Enter WILFORD.*

*Wilf.* I am inform'd it is your pleasure, Sir,  
To speak with me.

*Fitz.* Aye, Wilford. I am sorry—  
Faith, very sorry,—you and I meet thus.  
How could you quit my brother thus abruptly?  
Was he unkind to you?

*Wilf.* Most bountiful.  
He made me all I am. The poor can number  
His virtues thick as stars. I owe him, Sir,  
A world of gratitude.

*Fitz.* 'Tis a new mode  
Of payment you have taken. Wherefore fly?

*Wilf.* I was unfit to serve him, Sir.

*Fitz.* Unfit!

*Wilf.* I was unhappy, Sir. I fled a house  
Where certain misery awaited me,  
While I was doom'd to dwell in't.

*Fitz.* Misery!  
What was this certain misery?

*Wilf.* Your pardon,—  
I never will divulge.

*Fitz.* Indeed!

*Wilf.* No, never.  
Pray do not press me. All that I can say  
Is, that I have a strong, and rooted reason,  
Which has resolved me. 'Twere impossible  
I should be tranquil here. I feel it, Sir,  
A duty to myself to quit this roof.

*Fitz.* Harkye, young man. This smacks of mystery ;  
 And now looks foully. Truth, and Innocence,  
 Walk round the world in native nakedness.  
 But Guilt is cloak'd.

*Wilf.* Whate'er the prejudice  
 My conduct conjures up, I must submit.

*Fitz.* 'Twere better now you conjured up your friends :  
 For I must tell you——No, there is no need.  
 You learn'd it, doubtless, on the way, and know  
 The danger you, now, stand in.

*Wilf.* Danger, Sir !  
 What ? How ? I have learn'd nothing, Sir ; my  
 guides  
 Drag'd me in silence hither.

*Fitz.* Then 'tis fit  
 I put you on your guard. It grieves me, Wilford,  
 To say there is a heavy charge against you,  
 Which, as I gather, may affect your life.

*Wilf.* Mine !—O, good Heaven !

*Fitz.* Pray be calm :—for, soon,  
 Here, in the face of all his family,  
 My brother will accuse you.

*Wilf.* He !—What, He !  
 He accuse me ! O monstrous ! O, look down  
 You who can read mens hearts !—A charge  
 against me !

Ha, ha ! I'm innocent ! I'm innocent ! (*much  
 agitated*)

*Fitz.*

*Fitz.* Collect your firmness. You will need it all.

*Wilf.* I shal!, indeed! I pray you tell me, Sir, What is the charge?

*Fitz.* I do not know it's purport. I would not hear on't: for on my voice rests The issue of this business;—and a judge Should come unbiass'd to his office. Wilford, Were twenty brothers waiting my award, You should have even, and impartial justice.

*Wilf.* O, you are just! I would all men were so!

*Fitz.* I hope most men are so. Rally your thoughts.

When you are call'd upon! if truth will serve you,

Sketch out your story with her chaste, bold pencil: If truth should fail you, Wilford, even take The fairest colours human art can mix, To give a glow to plausibility.

'Tis self-defence; and 'tis allow'd, when man Must battle it, with all the world against him.

—Heaven bless you, boy!—that is, I mean— pshaw! plague!

—Farewell! and may you prosper! Exit.

*Wilf.* Then, all my youthful hopes are blighted in the bud!—The breath of my powerful persecutor will wither them. Let me recall my actions.

—My breast is unclog'd with crime. This charge is to be open;—in the eye of the world; of the laws.—Then, why should I fear? I am native

of

of a happy soil where justice guards equally the life of its poorest and richest inhabitant. Let him inflict his menaces upon me, in secret ; Let him torture my mind and body ; he shall not, cannot, touch my good name.

*Enter BARBARA.*

*Barb.* O, Wilford ! (*falls on his neck*)

*Wilf.* Barbara ! at such a time, too !

*Barb.* To be brought back, thus, Wilford ! and to go away without seeing me ! without thinking of me !

*Wilf.* It was not so.—I was hastening to your cottage, Barbara, when a ruffian, in the forest, encounter'd and wounded me.

*Barb.* Wounded you !

*Wilf.* Be not alarm'd. 'Tis not, as I thought yesternight, of moment. One of his party took me to the Abbey ruins, and gave me timely succour.

*Barb.* And, was it so ! was it indeed so, Wilford ?

*Wilf.* Aye, Barbara. When I was drag'd hither, the whole troop escaped, or they had vouch'd for the truth on't.

*Barb.* I would they not had escaped. For all here say that you had fled to join them.

*Wilf.* What ! join with robbers ! what next shall I be charged with !

*Barb.* Bethink you, Wilford—the time is short : I know your heart is good ; but——

*Wilf.*

*Wilf.* But what? Can you suspect it, too, Barbara!

*Barb.* O! mine is so link'd with it, that I would follow you through beggary, through prisons, Wilford.

*Wilf.* Prisons! The sound, now, makes me shudder!

*Barb.* If in a hasty moment you have done ought to wrong Sir Edward, throw yourself on his mercy;—sue for pardon.

*Wilf.* For pardon!—I shall go mad! Pardon! I am innocent.—Heaven knows I am innocent.

*Barb.* Heaven be thank'd!—The family is all summon'd. O, Wilford! my spirits sink within me.

*Wilf.* (*aside*) I am, now, but a sorry comforter.—Come, Barbara; be tranquil. You see I am so. Dont——dont you, Barbara? (*agitated*)

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* You must attend in the next room.

*Wilf.* What, Walter, is it you? Pray tell me if—

*Serv.* Do not question me. I hold no discourse with any of your stamp.

*Wilf.* Your tone is strangely changed on the sudden. What have I done?

*Serv.* You are going to be tried. That's enough for me.

*Wilf.*

*Wilf.* I might rather claim your pity on that score, Walter.

*Serv.* What, pity a man that's going to be tried? O, monstrous!

*Wilf.* Well, fare you well. I will not upbraid you, Walter. You have many in the world to countenance you. Blacken well your neighbour, and nine in ten are in haste to cry shame upon him, ere he has time, or opportunity, to wipe off the accusation. I follow you.

*Serv.* Do so.

*Exit.*

*Barb.* O, Wilford!

*Wilf.* Be of good cheer. I go arm'd in honesty, Barbara. I can bear every thing. Every thing, save making you the partner of my misfortunes. That Barbara———I am sure you love me———That would give me a pang which would———Farewell!

*Exit.*

*Barb.* Alas! I tremble for his safety! should they tear him from me!———

### S O N G.—BARBARA.

DOWN by the river there grows a green willow;  
Sing all for my true love! my true love, O!  
I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pillow;  
And all for my true love, my true love, O!  
When bleak blows the wind, and tempests are beating,  
I'll count all the clouds, as I mark them retreating,  
For true lovers joys, well a-day! are as fleeting.  
Sing, O for my true love, &c.

What

Maids come, in pity, when I am departed ;  
 Sing all for my true love, &c.  
 When dead, on the bank, I am found broken-hearted,  
 And all for my true love, &c.  
 Make me a grave, all while the wind's blowing,  
 Close to the stream, where my tears once were flowing,  
 And over my corse keep the green willow growing.  
 'Tis all for my true love, &c.

[Exit.]

*An Apartment in the Lodge.*

FITZ-HARDING, WILFORD, and various domesticks,  
 discovered.—To them enter ADAM WINTERTON.

*Fitz.* Is not Sir Edward coming, Adam?

*Wint.* Aye, Sir.—

But he is grievous ill.—Since Wilford came,  
 He had another fit.—But he'll be here.  
 Ah, boy ! that I should live to see this day !  
 I have a merry heart no longer, now.

*Wilf.* Good man ! you have been ever kind to  
 me.

*Wint.* Heav'n send you may prove honest !  
 Heav'n send it !

—Here comes Sir Edward. Would that I had died  
 Two reigns ago !

*Enter Sir EDWARD MORTIMER.*

*Fitz.* Now, brother.—You look pale,  
 And faint with sickness.

Q

Wint.

*Wint.* Here's a chair your worship.

*Mort.* No matter.—To our business, brother.

Wilford,

You may well guesf the struggle I endure  
To place you here the mark of accusation.  
I gave you ample warning: Caution'd you,  
When many might have scourged: and, even now,  
While I stand here to crush you,—aye, to crush  
you,—

My heart bleeds drops of pity for your youth,  
Whose rashness plucks the red destruction down,  
And pulls the bolt upon you.

*Wilf.* You know best

The movements of your heart, sir. Man is blind,  
And cannot read them: but there is a Judge,  
To whose all-seeing eye our inmost thoughts  
Lye open. Think to him you, now, appeal.—  
Omniscience keeps heaven's register;  
And, soon or late, when Time unfolds the book,  
Our trembling souls must answer to the record,  
And meet their due reward or punishment.

*Fitz.* Now, to the point, I pray you.

*Mort.* Thus it is, then.

I do suspect—By heaven the story lingers,  
Like poison, on my tongue,—but he will force it—

*Fitz.* What is it you suspect?

*Mort.* ——That he has rob'd me.

*Wilf.* Rob'd! I! O, horrible!

*Fitz.* Not yet—not yet.

Pray tell me brother—I will be impartial;—

But I am somewhat moved.—Pray tell me, brother,  
How ground you this suspicion !

*Mort.* Briefly, thus.—

You may have noticed, in my library,  
A chest (*Wilford starts*)—You see he changes at  
the word.

*Wilf.* And well I may !

(aside.)

*Mort.* Where I have told you, brother,  
The writings which concern our family,  
With jewels, cash, and other articles,  
Of no mean value, were deposited.

*Fitz.* You oftentimes have said so.

*Mort.* Yesterday,  
Chance call'd me, suddenly away ; I left  
The key in't—but as suddenly return'd ;  
And found this Wilford, this young man, whose  
state,

Whose orphan state, met pity in my house,  
'Till pity grew to friendship,—him I found,  
Fix'd o'er the chest, upon his knees, intent,  
As, now, I think, on plunder ; tinging theft  
Still blacker with ingratitude ; and rifling  
The easy fool who shelter'd him. Confusion  
Shook his young joints, as he let fall the lid,  
And gave me back the key.

*Fitz.* Did you not search  
Your papers on the instant ?

*Mort.* No :—for, first,  
(Habit so long had fix'd my confidence)  
I deem'd it boyish curiosity ;—  
But told him this would meet my further question :

And, at that moment, came a servant in,  
To say you were arrived. He must have mark'd  
Our mix'd emotion.

*Fitz.* Is that servant here?

*Servant.* 'Twas I, Sir.

*Mort.* Was it you? Well, saw you ought  
To challenge your attention?

*Serv.* Sir, I did.

Wilford was pale and trembling; and our master  
Gave him a look as if 'twould pierce him through;  
And cried, "Remember."—Then he trembled  
more,

And we both quitted him.

*Mort.* When first we met,  
You found me somewhat ruffled.

*Fitz.* 'Tis most true.

*Mort.* But somewhat more when, afterwards, I  
saw

Wilford conversing with you—like a snake,  
Sun'd by your looks, and basking in your favour.  
I bade him quit the room, with indignation,  
And wait my coming in the library.

*Fitz.* I witness'd that, with wonder.

*Mort.* O, good brother!

You little thought, while you so gently school'd me,  
In the full flow of your benevolence,  
For my harsh bearing tow'r'd him, on what ground  
That harshness rested. I had made my search,  
In the brief interval of absence from you,  
And found my property had vanish'd.

*Fitz.* Well—

You

You met him in the library ?

*Mort.* O never  
Can he forget that solemn interview !

*Wilf.* Aye, speak to that :—it was a solemn interview.

*Mort.* Observe, he does acknowledge that we met.  
Guilt was my theme :—he cannot, now deny it.

*Wilf.* It was a theme of—No. (*checking himself.*)

*Mort.* He pleaded innocence :

While every word he spake belied his features,  
And mock'd his protestation. I restrain'd  
The chastisement he fear'd ; nor wou'd I blazon  
The wrong I could not fix ; and subject, thus,  
By general inquiry, all the guiltless  
To foul suspicion. That suspicion lay  
Most heavily on him ; but the big cloud  
Of anger he had gather'd burst not on him,  
In vengeance to o'erwhelm him : chill it drop'd,  
But kindly, as the dew, in admonition ;  
Like tears of fathers o'er a wayward child,  
When love enforces them to ruggedness.

*Fitz.* What said you to him ?

*Mort.* “Regulate your life,  
“In future, better. I, now, spare your youth ;  
“But dare not to proceed. All I exact,  
“(’Tis a soft penance)—that you tarry here ;  
“My eye your guard, my house your gentle prison,  
“My bounty be your chains. Attempt not flight,  
“Flight ripens all my doubt to certainty,  
“And justice to the world unlocks my tongue.”—

He

He fled, and I arraign him.

*Fitz.* Trust me, brother,  
This charge is staggering. Yet accidents  
Sometimes combine to cast a shade of doubt  
Upon the innocent. May it be so here!  
Here is his trunk: 'twas brought here at my order.  
'Tis fit that it be search'd.

*Mort.* O, that were needless.  
He were a shallow villain that would trust  
His freight of plunder to so frail a bottom.  
School-boys, who strip the orchard of its fruit,  
Conceal their thievery better.

*Fitz.* Yet 'tis found,  
Such negligence is often link'd with guilt.  
—Take note—I say not yet that he is guilty,  
But I scarce heard of crafty villain, yet,  
Who did not make some blot in his foul game,  
That lookers-on have thought him blind, and mad,  
It was so palpable.—'Tis rarely otherwise:  
Heaven's hand is in it, brother: Providence  
Marks guilt, as 'twere, with a fatuity.—  
Adam, do you inspect it. (to Winterton.)

*Wilf.* Here's the key—  
E'en take it, freely.—You'll find little there  
I value; save a locket, which my mother  
Gave me upon her death-bed; and she added  
Her blessing to't. Perhaps, her spirit now  
Is grieving for my injuries.

*Wint.* (after opening the trunk). O, mercy!

*Fitz.* How now? What's there?

*Wint.*

*Wint.* As I'm a wretched man,  
The very watch my good old master wore !  
And, here, my lady's jewels !

*Wilf.* I am innocent.  
Just Heaven hear me !

*Fitz.* I must hear you, now.  
What can you say ?—Oh ! Wilford.

*Wilf.* Give me breath.  
Let me collect myself. First this. (*falls on his knees*)

May sleep  
Ne'er close my burning eyes ; may conscience  
gnaw me ;  
May engines wrench my entrails from their seat ;  
And whirl them to the winds before my face,  
If I know aught of this !

*Fitz.* Make it appear so.—But look there ; look  
there ! (*pointing to the trunk.*)

*Wilf.* Heap circumstance upon me ; multiply  
Charge upon charge ; pile seeming fact on fact ;  
Still I maintain my innocence. Look at me !  
Are these the throes of guilt ? Are these con-  
vulsions

Of a poor, helpless, friendless, wretched boy,  
The struggles of a villain ?—One thing more :  
I here aver it—to his face aver it—  
He knows—Yes, he—Yes, my accuser knows,  
I merit not his charge.

(*a general expression of indignation*)

*Wint.* O ! fie on't, fie !

*Fitz.* Wilford, take heed ! A base attempt to  
blacken

An injured master, will but plunge you deeper.

*Wilf.* I know what I am doing. I repeat it: Will die repeating it. Sir Edward Mortimer Is conscious of my innocence.

*Mort.* Proceed —

Look at these proofs, and talk.—Unhappy boy, Thy tongue can do me little mischief now.

*Wilf.* Do you not know —

*Mort.* What?

*Wilf.* — 'Tis no matter, sir.  
But I could swear —

*Mort.* Nay, Wilford, pause awhile.  
Reflect that oaths are sacred. Weigh the force  
Of these asseverations. Mark it well.

*I swear by all the ties that bind a man,  
Divine or human!* Think on that, and shudder.

*Wilf.* The very words I utter'd! I am tongue-tied. *(aside.)*

*Fitz.* Wilford, if there be aught that you can  
urge,

To clear yourself, advance it.

*Wilf.* O, I could!  
I could say much, but must not.—No, I will not.  
Do as you please.—I have no friend—no witness,  
Save my accuser. Did he not—pray ask him—  
Did he not vaunt his wiles could ruin me?  
Did he not menace, in his pride of power,  
To blast my name, and crush my innocence?

*Fitz.* What do you answer, Sir?

*Mort.* I answer—No.—

More

More were superfluous, when a criminal  
 Opposes empty volubility  
 To circumstantial charge. A stedfast brow  
 Repels not fact, nor can invalidate  
 These dumb, but damning, witnesses, before him.

(pointing to the trunk.)

*Wilf.* By the just Pow'r that rules us, I am  
 ignorant

How they came there!—but 'tis my firm belief,  
 You placed them there, to sink me.

*Fitz.* O, too much!  
 You steel mens' hearts against you! Death and  
 shame!

It rouses honest choler. Call the officers.—  
 He shall meet punishment. (Servants going.)

*Mort.* Hold! pray you, hold.  
 Justice has, thus far, struggled with my pity,  
 To do an act of duty to the world.  
 I would unmash a hypocrite; lay bare  
 The front of guilt, that men may see and shun it:  
 'Tis done—And I will, now, proceed no further.  
 I would not hurt the serpent, but to make  
 The serpent hurtless. He has lost his sting.  
 Let him depart, and freely.

*Fitz.* Lookye, brother.  
 This shall not be.—Had he proved innocent,  
 My friendship had been doubled; you well know  
 I have been partial to him—but this act  
 Is so begrimed with black, ungrateful malice,  
 That I insist on justice. Fly, knaves! run,

And let him be secured. [Exeunt servants.] You tarry here. (to Wilford.)

Mort. I will not have it thus.

Fitz. You must—You shall—

'Tis weak else. Oons! I trust I have as much Of good, straight-forward pity, as may serve; But, to turn dove—to sit still, and be peck'd at, It is too tame. His insolence tops all!

Does not this rouse you, too?—Look on these jewels.—

Look at this picture.—'Twas our mother's: Stay, Let me inspect this nearer. What are here?

Parchments— (inspecting the trunk.)

Mort. O, look no further—They are deeds, Which, in his haste, no doubt he crowded there, Not knowing what—to look o'er at his leisure— Family deeds—They all were in my chest.

Wilf. O, 'tis deep laid!—These, too, to give a colour! (aside.)

Fitz. What have we here? I have your leave, good brother, As arbiter in this. Here is a paper Of curious enfolding—slipt, as 'twere By chance, within another. This may be Of note upon his trial.—What's this drops? A knife, it seems!

Mort. What! (Starting.)

Fitz. Marks of blood upon it.

Mort. Touch it not. Throw it back!—bury it—sink it!

Oh,

Oh, carelessness and haste! Give me that paper.  
Darkness and hell!—Give back the paper.

[MORTIMER attempts to snatch it; WILFORD runs between the two brothers, falls on his knees, and prevents him, holding FITZHARDING.]

Wilf. (rapidly) No.

I see—I see!—Preserve it. You are judge!—  
My innocence, my life, rests on it!

Mort. Devils

Foil me at my own game!—Fate!—Ha, ha, ha!  
Sport, Lucifer!—He struck me—

[MORTIMER is fainting, and falling; WILFORD runs and catches him.]

Wilf. I'll support him.—

Read! read! read!

Fitz. What is this?—My mind misgives me!  
It is my brother's hand!—To die before me!  
What can this mean?— [reads.]  
Narrative of my murder of—Oh, great Heav'n!  
“ If by some chance my guilt should be disclos'd,  
“ May this contribute to redeem the wreck  
“ Of my lost honour!”—I am horror-struck!

Wilf. Plain, plain!—Stay! he revives.

Mort. What has been—soft!  
I have been wand'ring with the damn'd, sure.—  
Brother!—

And—aye—'tis Wilford! Oh! thought flashes  
on me

Like Lightning. I am brain-scorch'd. Give me  
leave.

I will speak—Soon I will— a little yet—

Come hither, boy.—Wrong'd boy ! O Wilford,  
Wilford !

(*bursts into tears, and falls on Wilford's neck.*)

Wilf. Be firm, Sir ; pray be firm ! my heart  
bleeds for you—

Warms for you ! Oh ! all your former charity  
To your poor boy, is in my mind.—Still, still,  
I see my benefactor !

Mort. Well, I will—

I will be firm. One struggle, and 'tis over:  
I have most foully wrong'd you ! Ere I die—  
And I feel death-struck—let me haste to make  
Atonement.—Brother, note. The jewels,  
Yes, and that paper—Heaven and accident  
Ordain'd it so !—were placed—Curse on my flesh,  
To tremble thus !—were placed there by my hand.

Fitz. O, mercy on me !

Mort. More. I fear'd this boy ;  
He knew my secret ; and I blacken'd him,  
That, should he e'er divulge the fatal story,  
His word might meet no credit. Infamy  
Will brand my mem'ry for't : Posterity,  
Whose breath I made my god, will keep my shame  
Green in her damning record. Oh ! I had—  
I had a heart o'erflowing with good thoughts  
For all mankind ! One fatal, fatal turn,  
Has poison'd all ! Where is my honour, now ?  
To die !—To have my ashes trampled on,  
By the proud foot of scorn ! Polluted ! Hell—  
Who dares to mock my guilt ? Is't you—or you ?

Wrack

—Wrack me that grinning fiend! Damnation!  
Who spits upon my grave? I'll stab again—  
I'll—Oh! (falls.)

*Fitz.* This rives my heart in twain: Why,  
brother, brother!  
His looks are ghastly.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Sir, the officers.

*Fitz.* Away, knave! Send them hence—the  
boy is innocent.

*Serv.* What, Wilford?

*Fitz.* Aye. Tell it your fellows: Hence!—  
You shall know more anon. Send in some help—  
Your master's ill o' the sudden. Send some help!

*(Exit Serv.)*

*Wilf.* 'Twere best to raise him, Sir.

*Fitz.* Soft, who comes here?

*Enter HELEN.*

*Hel.* Where is he? Ill! and on the ground!  
Oh, Mortimer!

Oh, Heaven! my Mortimer. O, raise him.—  
Gently.

Speak to me, love. He cannot!

*Mort.* Helen—'Twas I that—

*(he struggles to speak, but appears unable to utter.)*

*Hel.* Oh, he's convulsed!

*Fitz.*

*Fitz.* Say nothing. We must lead him to his chamber.

Beseech you to say nothing ! Come, good lady.  
(*FITZHARDING and HELEN lead MORTIMER out.*)

*Enter BARBARA, on the opposite side.*

*Barb.* O, Wilford ! I have flown to you ! You are innocent.—The whole house now has it, you are innocent. Thank Heaven ! Speak ; tell me—How—how was it, dear, dear Wilford ?

*Wilf.* I cannot tell you now, Barbara. Another time : But it is so.—I cannot speak now.—

*Barb.* Nor I, scarce, for joy ! See ! hither come your fellows, to greet you. I am so happy !

*Enter SERVANTS, &c. &c. &c.*

*Servants.* Joy ! Wilford.

*Wilf.* Peace, peace, I pray you. Our master is taken ill : So ill, my fellows, that I fear me he stands in much danger. That you rejoice in my acquittal, I perceive, and thank you. Sir Edward's brother will explain further to you : I cannot. But believe this :—Heaven, to whose eye the dark movements of guilt are manifest, will ever watch over, and succour the innocent, in their extremity. Clamour not now your congratulations to me, I entreat you : Rather, let the slow, still voice of gratitude be lifted up to Providence, for that care she ever bestows upon those deserving her protection !

FINALE

## F I N A L E:

WHERE Gratitude shall breathe the note,  
To white-robed Mercy's throne,  
Bid the mild strain on æther float,  
A soft and dulcet tone,

Sweet, sweet and clear the accents raise,  
While mellow flutes shall swell the song of praise.  
Melody ! Melody !  
A soft and dulcet melody !

Where fever droops his burning head ;  
Where sick men languish on their bed ;  
Around let ev'ry accent be,  
Harmony ! Harmony !  
A soft and dulcet harmony !

THE END.





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